# The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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## England in Literature

SOMETHING new will soon come out of England. Tenacious as they are beyond any race except the Chinese, the English cannot hold their social ideas forever above social change. Already these are changing. Tennyson's aristocratic England, where gentlemen were responsible to God for their country, is a romantic memory. Kipling's empire, in which even the bears and the elephants followed the public school code which has been the real ethics of England, is passing into historical perspective. John Galsworthy, a gentleman as well as an artist, is recording with a melancholy passion in "The Forsyte Saga" the end of an epoch. Soames Forsyte, who was a philistine and a menace in the earlier volumes, is gathering rays of glory as he and his kind prepare to depart forever.

The country house, the university, and London were the three corners of the English literary triangle. Taxes are eating up the country houses one after another, and soon only those who draw their wealth from new sources will be able to live in them. The feudal relation to the land, which was what made English country life significant, has already disappeared. When land becomes a liability instead of an asset it begins to lose its social values. Country life, of course, has survived the squirearchy, but it has become an affair of week-ends, and the house itself has no more relation to the land than a Long Island villa. A great theme of English literature is passing.

The old universities still hold their heads high, and with reason, but they become more and more schools of science and politics, and less and less the arbiters of culture for the English-speaking world. The decline of the aristocracy affects their prestige, for government is by no means now of their exclusive breeding. The conviction of importance which was so strong in Oxford in Arnold's day has weakened. The don is more aware of a world outside, less inclined to speak *ex cathedra*: he works harder, perhaps does not write so often or so confidently; feels himself on the rim of the wheel of life instead of at its hub. The superiority complex is a wonderful aid to literature and scholarship of the dogmatic order. See what it did for the Greeks.

London also is less sure of its uniqueness. It feels the power of money, of world authority, of mere bigness slowly slipping elsewhere, and takes the greater pride in a mellow civilization which now grows more sophisticated. It is like Paris of the eighteen eighties. The literature of London which has been so confident, so lavish (think of the overspilling books from "Vanity Fair" to "The Forsyte Saga") gets fine and finicky in Aldous Huxley, Virginia Woolf, and the Sitwells. There is decadence in it, if by decadence one means a lapse in energy, but also more subtlety, more craft, more refinement of the senses. Dickens, in contemporary London would be a great woolly puppy bouncing about a doll show.

England is not decadent. In spite of the profound pessimism that is in part a war neurosis, and the collapse of industry and trade, there has never been more vitality than now in British political thinking, which is, by necessity, twenty years ahead of our own. But literature is a partial mirror that reflects best those that have long loved it. The aristocracy, social and intellectual, have fallen upon hard times in England. Like the notables of the Continent a century ago, they will have to live by their wits, and increase their culture as they lose their wealth. *Noblesse oblige* will mean for them the obligation to be noble in themselves rather than noble in their attitude toward others. H. G. Wells has become the spokesman of the suddenly educated lower middle class of England. We shall have more agile, rough and ready, minds like his; but also a literature of grace, charm, and subtlety, a little weak sometimes, often cynical or melancholy; old England with its locks shorn becomes a tanned and polished worldling at last.

## *Garden-Party*

By RAYMOND GUTHRIE

*"Pourquoi n'écrit—on plus de poèmes dans le genre de m. de Musset? Ils Etaient bien gentils."*

*—A very old lady.*

MADAME, were there sylphs in trees
And nymphs in brooks when you were young?

Did fauns lay chins on ladies' knees
And zephyrs speak with human tongue?

Our epoch is a young roué
Too sate to toy with golden myths;
No Percy Shelleys grow today,
But only Browns and Smiths.

And yet, the world is not so bad,
Nor yet, thank God, so very good.
Perhaps we'd all be mild and mad
And spritely—if we could.

But yesterday was Judgment Day
(As many days have been of late).
We'll set our sins in brave array
To catch the eye of Fate.


## This Week

"One Increasing Purpose." Reviewed by *William Lyon Phelps.*

"When Life Loses Its Zest." Reviewed by *Joseph Jastrow.*

Unamuno's "Essays and Soliloquies." Reviewed by *Arthur Colton.*

"Two Anthologies." Reviewed by *G. R. Elliott.*

## Next Week, or Later

The Poetry of Amy Lowell. By *John Livingston Lowes.*

"Dark Laughter," by Sherwood Anderson. Reviewed by *Henry Seidel Canby.*

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## College and Life

By JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

Author of "Mind in the Making."

EDUCATION is another name for man's life, so far as it is really human and not merely animal and vegetative. It is the outcome of experience in all its incredible variety. Hope and fear, joy and sorrow, success and frustration, sympathy and resentment are our teachers; they never shirk their tasks nor fail in their influence. They smile and frown, encourage and reprove from the cradle to the grave. Like other teachers they are often bungling and perverse, cruel and unfair, breeding lethargy or despair as well as new power and insight. Compared with them the teachers of the class room sink into a secondary place. Mr. Gavit* hazards the estimate that no more than a quarter at best of our up-bringing can be credited to those who conduct formal education, sitting behind desks, plying text books, and springing disconcerting questions upon children and youths. Of "the totality of educational result" he suspects that for those that go through college, a *fifth* may be ascribed to the schools and but *one-twentieth* to the college. The balance he would seek in what he calls "the home" by which he means all experience outside the classroom. We need not stop to question these ratios, to which Mr. Gavit himself attaches no more than an illustrative importance, before accepting the fundamental importance of this general assumption. It underlies the whole contention of the volume in hand and gives it its special quality as a most significant and fruitful contribution to educational understanding. In short, Mr. Gavit places college in the midst of living, and that is where it belongs. Nor does he ever forget this from the first page to the last.

* * *

The late Herbert Quick once said that we are well past middle age when we are born. During our first ten years the foundations of our permanent beliefs and general estimate of human relations are fairly solidly laid—witness the case of Mr. Bryan and his sympathizers who stoutly continue to adhere to the indoctrinations of childhood and whose later knowledge only serves to re-enforce the results of their "home" environment. In school the teacher must avoid, under penalty of dismissal, any questioning of the generally accepted religious, patriotic, and moral assumptions prevailing in the community. So when the boy or girl reaches college it seems reasonable enough to suppose that his views are hardly likely to expand or clarify themselves by more than a twentieth of their previous mass and quality. Sometimes of course college brings with it a sort of conversion, but William James has shown that conversions, if they be more than emotional incidents, are the outcome of long preparation.

This helps to explain the prevailing disappointment among observing college teachers, and critical students and parents, over the seemingly meager results of going to college. We expect more of the colleges than it is possible for them to realize under existing circumstances. And yet there can be no doubt that their influence could be far greater than it is were the situation fully grasped by parents, students, and instructors. Mr. Gavit's book seems to me far the most penetrating and sagacious description of the situation which I have ever met. It cannot be denounced by the most stodgy as

*College. By John Palmer Gavit. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1925. $2.


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"muckraking"; and such "debunking" as he executes is carried out with a light hand.

In order to escape from its present limitations he would have the college direct its main attention to a duty which is almost certain to devolve very soon on most of the college boys and girls, namely, "parenthood." He does not mean by this merely "homemaking," but all that goes to rearing a more intelligent generation than the last. Having this in mind as the sum and substance of his conclusion he takes up the various topics of discussion which his general theme invites.

His first precaution was to learn a great deal more about what happens in college than most writers on the subject. He visited many institutions, large and small, east and west, and south and north, for males, and for females, and for both together. He talked with all concerned, from the president to the freshman and the prospective freshman. His first chapter on "What do you expect of college?" gives under ten headings the various surmises of both parents and students. These may be summarized as follows: the idea that having "been to college" will afford a running start in business; for fun and the making of "desirable" contacts which may stand one in good stead later; for the perpetuation of dad's recollections of the college yell; for the continuance of a solicitous oversight and protection; for the certification of the élite; for learning a profession or trade; for the confirmation of home prejudices; for the training of experts and teachers —and, lastly, the preparation in an atmosphere of intellectual freedom "for effective participation as a responsible adult in the world in which he lives, in *all* ways as an intelligent active member in his community, his nation, and the fellowship of nations. For *going on* with the task of self-understanding, self-government, and self-development in the life that now is, and for the life that is to come."

* * *

Whatever may be the divergence of opinion in regard to the first nine motives for going to college listed by Mr. Gavit we can all shake hands on article ten. The Rev. John Roach Straton, Mr. Mencken, Dean West of Princeton, John Dewey, and Upton Sinclair would join in a common blessing upon this high ideal. The college should turn out good and efficient men and women equipped with knowledge and lofty aspirations and prepared to take an active part in making the world better. Indeed one of our greatest difficulties in reforming our college ways is the pious unanimity in regard to the purpose of the higher education. It conceals and disguises the most divergent notions in regard to the nature and making of upright men and women and good citizens. According to the dying words of Mr. Bryan, the stalwart yeomen of Tennessee, uncontaminated by college education, are the very best judges of the proper relation of religion and scientific research. Dean West defends the old faith, is sure that the works of the Greeks and Romans, and the struggle to attain a highly imperfect acquaintance with their respective tongues contributes more than any other method to the forming of judgment and taste and a preliminary acquaintance with life and duty. Mr. Sinclair would feel that no education began to attain its end without tearing from capitalism its purple and blood-stained robes. Hundreds of scientific men would recommend the methods of scientific research as the best corrective to human perversity. Some of those who have had long experience in educational work might agree with Mr. Gavit that the discreet and effective showing up of revered prejudices, including the sacred dogmas of all the frantic simplifiers of human riddles, should be at least one of the main precautions to be taken in our efforts to make a good man out of a college boy.

In his chapter on "Religion and Radicalism," Mr. Gavit says that he finds no organized propaganda in the colleges directed either against religion or towards so-called radicalism—the precise meaning of which remains in doubt in his mind and in that of all thoughtful people. Some years ago Calvin Coolidge found that the "reds" were stalking the women's colleges. They appear to have given up stalking now; at least Mr. Gavit did not catch them at it. "At every college I was looking for something that could be called definite propaganda of 'radicalism;' such, for example, as extreme communistic socialism, sovietism, the so-called 'dictatorship of the proletariat,' the 'class struggle,' 'advanced' views on the subject of sex-relations. I did not find it." He did find here and there in the departments of biology, psychology, and philosophy, a tendency toward "a sheer systematic materialism," which as he describes it appears to me quite alien to the representatives of biology, psychology, and philosophy whom I happen to know —and I know a good many. I never met one of the variety he pictures. There is surely at least as much humility in these departments as in any other. Mr. Gavit mentions one particularly offensive case and I suspect took this man as an excuse for a gesture of scorn when he encounters those "in the departments whose subjects of study come nearest to pure guesswork, where men, bushwhacking around the edges of the inscrutable, pontificate about the week's gropings in the realm of mind as if they had ultimate truth by the tail." Ah, yes. They should be hung, *me judico*. Now the drop has fallen I can imagine Mr. Gavit smiling and taking up his genial pen once more.

* * *

In regard to the great problem of how to make college education fundamentally important and at the same time avoid "controversial" matters, which are usually just those best worth understanding, the writer says: "The only thing to do is what the best young-minded educators are doing; to welcome the spirit of challenge and inquiry, and lead it to the assimilated knowlege which is the sole safe guide for permanently valuable action." At this point Mr. Gavit makes a pertinent quotation from Professor Harry Overstreet, respecting one of the unmistakable aims of college education and one of the most neglected and hardest to reach:

> What then is the eager-minded student to do? . . . Grow the habit of critically examining basic assumptions. There are basic assumptions everywhere—in the newspapers, in business, in churches, in the home, in politics—assumptions that underlie the things that people think and believe and do. The first step towards gaining an intelligent grasp of one's world is to discover and to question these basic assumptions. That is what the world, despite itself, is forced to be doing to-day. It is at work with a number of the assumptions that almost brought our civilization to wreck. What are these assumptions? Why did they almost wreck our civilization? What are the new assumptions that must be formulated and believed if a wholesomer civilization is to be achieved?

As things are now I find myself little interested when I meet new people or address audiences as to whether they have had a college education or no. It seems to make so little difference in one's general outlook and frame of mind. It should be otherwise. Four years in college should cultivate intelligence and openmindedness in a sufficiently marked fashion to be easily noted. In most cases the college graduate appears to have undergone no greater alteration than might well take place had he passed the previous four years amidst the vicissitudes of non-academic youth.

Mr. Gavit describes a new movement in a very few of the colleges which consists in giving, during the first year, a sort of orienting course to which representatives of a variety of departments contribute. This is an excellent notion so far as it goes. But there is danger that the course will be crowded with statements by instructors who are too departmental to produce a fairly coherent impression. Had I my way I should have a close conspiracy of instructors who should enjoy at least half the attention of the students during the whole four years and whose business it should be to realize the aims so well set forth by Professor Overstreet and approved by Mr. Gavit. The great departments of human interest, especially religion, business, the relations of men and women, education and civic responsibilities, should be all subjected to analysis and criticism in regard to their nature, origin, and present status. In the usual departmental divisions of a college or university it is quite possible, in spite of so-called introductory courses, to miss most of the deeper significance of our knowledge and customs. Those who conducted this proposed enterprise in general sophistication would have to be peculiarly qualified, peculiarly friendly and coöperative. They might also have to put up for a while with the jeers of those, who having no knack for this kind of thing, might cry, "smattering." For it is no easy task to give a college course meaning beyond the mere statement of a series of facts in this field or that; and it is so very easy to plod along without asking the embarrassing question, "How much is being learned and what imaginable good am I doing beyond winning a rather scanty livelihood?

As was said at the start, Mr. Gavit puts college into the midst of life. He sees that one goes on living in a rather miscellaneous fashion even if he is spending a part of his time in study and in listening to lecturers. So a good deal of the book has properly to do with "The course in sportsmanship," "extra-curriculum" activities, the ratings of achievement, the attitude and precautions of the college administration, especially the rôle of personality and sympathy in adjustments to individual cases. I suspect that the newest element in college affairs is the awakened students themselves. When I went to college no one blasphemed against the educational process; now many students cry out on the futility of the whole thing as they find it. Some day it may be realized that the tastes, inclinations and judgments of the students should be looked to as a potent reforming element in bettering matters.

# Introducing—"Anhedonia"

WHEN LIFE LOSES ITS ZEST. By ABRAHAM MYERSON M. D. Boston: Little Brown & Co. 1925. $1.75.

Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW
University of Wisconsin

THE story of what happens when nerves give out is as significant as it is distressing. The war-shocked soldier, sleeping soundly under the thunder of German guns, and on his return to a sheltered life of peace kept awake by the ticking of his watch or the beating of his arteries, is but one illustration of a protean theme. The wearer of hero medals becomes a whimpering baby; the sturdy and strenuous master of industry is irritated to despair by the simplest task; the fertile writer cannot compose a letter; and all lie day and night on a listless bed of pain, —in a hell partly of their own making, or rather in the slough of despond imposed by their nervous breakdown. All the zest and "pep" has gone out of life; pleasure has given way to fear, confidence to worry, the sense of success to a pang of misery. The emphasis of Dr. Myerson's admirable and timely analysis is upon the emotional factor of the prevalent disorder of our civilization—at one time called "Americanitis"—upon the fact that the central symptom of the malady is the lack of pleasure, the incapacity to desire and enjoy, which alone makes life worth living and constitutes the criterion of normality. That is the lack that incapacitates, the true suffering of illness, the menace of age as well as the price paid by youth for living beyond the nervous income. Neurasthenia is the common name for the handicap and remains the better one, since the root-source of the trouble is an impairment of the energy-cycle, which is maintained, it is true, by the feeling of zest in activity, but holds in its own right a vital place in the physical and mental economy.

The neurasthenic is mainly so by temperament. He pays for his sensitiveness—which often makes high achievement and the more delicate and rarer quality of performance possible—by a greater liability to upset and disaster. A chemical balance is more readily put *hors de combat* than a grocer's scales. But we all have our set measure of resistance to the wear and tear of emotional assault; and any of the major assaults, such as illness may so raise the threshold of mental pain that we become as sensitive to displeasure, as incapable of reacting positively and normally to the thrills and excitements that we live by, as does the neurasthenic by misfortune of heredity. But for the extreme assault of war, many a soldier might have remained dimly aware of his neurasthenic vulnerability.

The theme is important for the picture it portrays of the liability of nerves; making it plain that behavior is conditioned by an integrity of function, which too commonly we interpret in the abstract terms of moral qualities. It is important as a matter of hygiene and prevention, supporting the policy of ministering to the satisfactions that keep the individual sanely and safely hedonic. Asceticisms and prohibitions find that Nature takes its toll; though no less a life of indulgence leads to an anhedonia of jaded futility. Mental hygiene has come to its own in these latter days; and neurology has as legitimate a voice as philosophy in prescribing the precepts of wise living. In this volume Dr. Myerson

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has added to his contribution to the popularization of sound principles of mental hygiene set forth in otherwise directed purpose in his "Nervous Housewife" and "The Foundations of Personality." It is well to recognize in anhedonia a new name for a persistent enemy of happiness.

# A Novel of the Soul

THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE. By Willa Cather. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by Henry Seidel Canby

THIS is the age of experiment in the American novel. No sooner had the seers of the academies decided that American life was too thin and too unsophisticated for mature fiction than a flood of novels began (and this new book is one of them) in which new methods of story telling, new angles of approach, new styles were exploited in order to catch the manifold facets of an American social history that suddenly began to seem the most important, the most auspicious, and, paradoxically, the most menacing phenomenon of the century. In ten years the American novel has become, if not deep, rich. Such an outburst of technical experiment is almost irresistible to the professional reviewer. He must take the new American watch apart to see how it works, and whether its parts are certified by experience. Yet technique is not important except when it fails, and if the new technique of "The Professor's House" creaks a little, a method is only machinery after all, and we may turn to the more interesting question of what Miss Cather has got into her book.

Miss Cather, I suspect, is wearying of broad pioneer movements and sharp contrasts between flaming emotion and commonplace environment. She is going deeper, and is prepared to defend the thesis that a new country may have old souls in it. An old soul is by no means a Main Street high brow dissatisfied with crudity. He is much too civilized to be upset by a difference of opinion over the value of culture. An old soul, as the philosophers say, is driven toward recognition. Life, for him, instead of consisting of so many successes, so many quarrels, so many events that can be ticketed for a biography, is a progress in self-realization, a series of discoveries as to what experience means for *him* when stripped of illusion and in its ultimate reality. Such a soul is most likely to fall away from his closest associates; success may be a burden, an admired wife a growing problem, children who become the hard worldlings that most of us are in our thirties, a depression rather than a comfort. Put such an old soul in a small western university, give him a charming wife who chooses the children's part, afflict him with two sons-in-law, one unctuous and one soured, and two daughters, one mean and one envious—and drama follows.

"The Professor's House" might readily have been written as a mirror of small town bickerings meticulously preserved in Miss Cather's cool, firm style. Professor St. Peter is too good for his job, and too civilized for his community; also he is a personality, with force, humor, distinction, charm. There have been two major experiences in his life, the writing of his great history of the Spanish adventurers, and his friendship with Tom Outland, the only first-rate mind that ever came into his classes. The history is written and has made him famous and financially independent. The boy is dead, killed in the war, but the patent he willed to his fiancée, the professor's daughter, has been exploited by the skilful Jew she married afterwards and has made the two of them rich and envied. Outland's fortunes, like Antony's, have corrupted better men, and brought pettiness to a family that was not necessarily committed to such a fate.

This is what happens on the smooth flowing surface of "The Professor's House," but it is not the story; the story is beneath. The story is slow discovery by Professor St. Peter—of himself. His family have moved with prosperity to a new house, but he clings, hardly knowing why, to his attic in the old house, beside the dress forms where Augusta, the sewing woman used to drape the young girls' dresses. Why is he happier there than in the new house? Why does his family begin to weigh upon his nerves? Why does the memory of Tom Outland grow brighter until he sits down to write his story? It is a fourth of the novel, this story, antecedent to the main action, superficially irrelevant to it—the story of an orphan adrift in the Southwest who finds with his pal a cliff dweller's city on an unclimbed mesa, spends the best year of his life interpreting the experience of dead men, until from it he gets a perception of a life lived for ideas, a self-realization that this is how he wishes to live. Why does the professor, his work done, refuse to enjoy its fruits in travel, but rather cling to his loneliness, until, rather than face his returning family, he would, except for Augusta and the solid human nature she represents, have let the old gas stove, blown out by the wind, blow him out too?

These are the questions "The Professor's House" answers, not as a metaphysician would answer them, by analyzing the results of a self-realization which leads to new values that make the man different, but in rich and vigorous narrative. It is the difference between William James's study of religious experience and the narrative of a con-

Robert Schumann
from
"Robert Schumann," by Frederick Niecks. (Dutton).

version, although St. Peter goes through no conversion but something much commoner and more difficult to explain. He decides to follow his own soul. The behaviorist would say that he responds with exceptional sensitiveness to environmental conditions, which is about as far as the behaviorist can take you—and the justification for such a novel as this one.

It is not necessary to be metaphysical in order to enjoy Miss Cather's novel, for it is an engrossing story in spite of its seeming lack of plot. The personalities are as firm and convincing as always in her transcripts of life, and if there is no such poignancy as in "The Lost Lady," there is more subtlety and sophistication. Miss Cather's new hero is not greater or better or more tragic, but there is more of him. His life has more possibilities of depth as well as intensity.

Yet it is absolutely necessary to realize the metaphysics of recognition if one proposes to understand as well as enjoy this novel. And it is necessary to understand it in order to comprehend the method of telling. It is the past that counts most in the story, hence it is natural for the story to be told backward, always pointing from the future to the past. Du Maurier, with more romantic, less subtle material, did the same in "Peter Ibbetson."

The experiment is not always successfully conducted. The long short story of Tom Outland does more than depict a spiritual experience; it winds through Washington intrigue with an effect of "this happened so I must tell it" which recalls the weaker passages in "One of Ours." Nor is the balance between plot and significance elsewhere always preserved. Yet I am more interested in this story than in other books of hers which are more perfectly achieved. The soul, after all, is the greatest subject for art. We have swung in our American writing from sophisticated studies of sophisticated personalities through unsophisticated romances of simple folk to satiric narratives of commonplace people who are interesting only because they are pawns in a national society. Yet the rich, subtle natures, whose problems have no relation to success or failure as our world sees it, and who are not types of social classes or particular environments, seem always to escape the novelist, although they are probably more numerous though less self-conscious in America than in older countries where conformity is not regarded as a prime virtue. Miss Cather, one of the ablest novelists now writing in English, believes, what no Englishman or no Frenchman can be convinced of, and no native novelist since Hawthorne has practised, that there is profundity in American life. A profoundity not merely instinctive such as Sherwood Anderson is revealing, but a conscious spiritual profundity which poets like Robert Frost and Edwin Arlington Robinson have long seen. This, more than "O Pioneers!" is a pioneering book.

# An Evangelical Novelist

ONE INCREASING PURPOSE. By A. S. M. Hutchinson. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by William Lyon Phelps
Yale University

ALTHOUGH I have never seen the earthly tenement occupied by A. S. M. Hutchinson, I became intimately acquainted with him in 1912, on the appearance of "The Happy Warrior." For no one can read this man's novels without knowing the author. Every chapter is highly charged with his personality; which irritates some critics, and pleases many readers. It pleases me. There is no doubt that in modern fiction Hutchinson is a spiritual force, and as Browning said of "The Ring and the Book," his latest novel is

> Clean for the Church, and dead against the world,
> The flesh and the devil,

a fact that in the common run of contemporary stories gives it a certain distinction.

After adverse criticism has finished every count in the indictment, the defense can rest its case on Hutchinson's power of characterization. In "The Happy Warrior" there is an all-conquering Boy, against whose vitality and sheer wholesomeness the barriers of mature inertia, selfishness, crustiness, and don't-interrupt-me-nowness fall; in "The Clean Heart" (1914) there is a roaring drunkard who saves first a man's mind and then his soul; in "If Winter Comes" (1921) there is Mark Sabre, who has the almost unique faculty of understanding people who hold opinions contrary to his own; in "This Freedom" (1922) there is the Cambridge graduate who reached perihelion in his undergraduate days, and has been receding ever since; in "One Increasing Purpose" there are three brothers who will not easily be forgotten, with a variety of human beings sketched in like

> This lady who had been introduced to Sim by Lady Tony as "Fly Jennet, the writer, you know," was thin to the point of emaciation, shingled as to her hair, shorn as to her clothes (she was short and what portion of her presented itself above the table appeared to Sim to be entirely naked) ate scarcely anything, spoke not at all, and at the earliest possible moment planted in her mouth a cigarette tube which stretched half across the table, draughts from which she inhaled in volumes that caused the cigarette to splutter like a firework and exhaled, through her nose, in such very minute quantities as to give the suggestion that, like the most modern engines, she consumed her own smoke. Sim, at whose other hand was Linda, had made but one effort at conversation with her. "I am afraid I am the worst possible person to be put beside you," his effort had been. "I read hardly anything. What do you write?"
>
> Miss Fly Jannet who was flicking a bit of fish round and round her plate addressed it and not Sim. "I don't write; I gesture."

Just for a change, it is rather refreshing to see the searchlight of satire removed, if only for a moment, from respectable business men, and from women who are faithful to their family duties, and turned on literary bluffers.

Like nearly everybody else, I missed Mr. Hutchinson's first novel, "Once Aboard the Lugger—" when it appeared in 1908. I know of only one man who read it, E. F. Edgett, the accomplished literary

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critic of the Boston *Transcript*, who wrote (as I discovered fourteen years later) "A new humorist as well as a new novelist has arisen in Mr. Hutchinson." After the success of "If Winter Comes," the first book was reissued, and in humor it remains the author's masterpiece. It is one of the jolliest novels of the twentieth century. That it abounds in humor seems clear from the fact that an American undergraduate, convalescing from an operation, burst open his abdominal bandages while reading it. That it abounds in real characters seems clear from the fact that a middle-aged member of a university Faculty kept swearing aloud while reading it, not at the book, but at some of the people in it: like hissing Iago.

Although Hutchinson had, then, published three good novels by 1914, he was so little known that Manly and Rickert's "Contemporary British Literature" (1921), a most useful guide, and in general quite up to date, has no mention of him. When "If Winter Comes" appeared, the people awoke and made him famous.

Then the critics unsuccessfully tried to make him infamous. His frequent allusions to this fact in "One Increasing Purpose" (where one of the characters, the novelist B. C. D. is A. M. S. Hutchinson) are as keen-edged as they are good-natured. The critics had somehow missed "If Winter Comes," and were awakened to a knowledge of its existence by a roar of applause that drowned a whole pack of writers that these critics were helping to express themselves; but they were ready for the next one, and "not again to be caught napping, waited, battle-axes gently swinging."

Instead of being ashamed of my enthusiasm for Mr. Hutchinson's novels, I should be ashamed of myself if I felt otherwise. Their faults of style, their occasional lapses of proportion, most glaring in the second half of "This Freedom," are more than counterbalanced by their vitality, by their humor, by their humanity. Mr. Hutchinson will not be forgiven for having in "One Increasing Purpose" made some people who keep up the habit of family prayers, otherwise sensible and attractive; but if we must sentimentalize, it seems to me as well to sentimentalize people who behave themselves, as to sentimentalize criminals.

As we have seen above, Mr. Hutchinson's love of God and love of his neighbor, have not dulled his powers of satire. Here is another instance:

> Miss Eager . . . brought to their committees and assemblies the enviable and invaluable quality of eliciting information without betraying ignorance. This Miss Eager did by her employment at the end of her every question of the word "*exactly*." "What is so-and-so *exactly*?" She stressed exactly with a stress that no word in the language not buttressed, as "exactly" is buttressed, by some of the stoutest pillars of the alphabetical bridge across the abyss of inarticulation, could possibly support without crumpling out of audition; and the stress she thus gave it had the happy quality of implying that, while she of course knew everything on the subject that was commonly known, hers was the type of erudition that desired to know also every secret, possibly sinister, depth that was not generally known. . . . "What is Mr. Lloyd-George *exactly*?" Miss Eager could (and had) asked. "What is Bolshevism *exactly*?" "What are the Georgians *exactly*?" . . . there was nothing which Miss Eager, gaining rather than losing respect, could not by this means have explained to her.

But in a book like this, satire is only incidental. There is, as there always is in Hutchinson's books, a good fable; for he apparently believes with Thomas Hardy that a novel should be a story. There is an abundance of lively description; he has always been particularly good at describing *crowds*, and that faculty is here shiningly evident. For a new definition, observe the distinction between Redskins and Palefaces. His characters, of immense variety, are nearly all sharply individualized. Even Sim, who is the author's mouthpiece, is a real man on his own. Satire, story, characterization, description, make "One Increasing Purpose," notwithstanding frequent explosions in the style, a work of art rather than a tract; or rather it is a tract whose fervor blossoms in creative art.

As Sim had one increasing purpose, and could not be turned aside from it, so the author's purpose is clear, as clear as it is meant to be. With all the surface frivolity of post-war society, I suppose there never has been a time when so many men and women were groping around in the darkness in search of a way of salvation—endeavoring to find some spiritual value that should give significance to daily life. One difference between progressive thought in science and progressive thought in religion is that the former moves forward always trying to conquer the frontiers of verified knowledge; the latter, "modernism," if you insist on that term, consists in going backward through the vast accumulation of theologies, to One Person—to the Ideal Revelation. We need a new religion no more than the mariner needs a new compass. Mr. Hutchinson's novel is an eloquent exposition of the teaching of the Man of Galilee, and the reason for its success will be found in John xii: 32.

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# And the Virtuous Wife

THE VIRTUOUS HUSBAND. By FREEMAN TILDEN. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1925.

Reviewed by A. K. TUTLER

STEADILY, for a number of years, Freeman Tilden has been making a place for himself among our more significant writers of fiction. He writes *Saturday Evening Post* stories of the less obviously concocted kind, draws more on actual observation and experience, exercises a homely craftsmanship sometimes shrewd with humor. His novel "Mr. Podd" was a sincere and workmanlike story penned with amusing truth to type. He has learned his craft. He can develop narrative plausibly and at the same time present character in the round.

"The Virtuous Husband" is a mildly sardonic title for his latest novel. We are not altogether sure of his construction, which argues that the author himself was not so very sure. The proportioning and sequence of certain parts raise a question. We should not call the book inevitably builded. The characterization is, however, for the most part very good. James Buckborrow, the Fernies, the Corlisses, Wallace Jeffcoate all leave their impress. The development of Buckborrow's relationship with the Fernies is memorable. The incident of three-quarters of the book is graphically real and Spaulding is set before us as a thoroughly real New England town. It is the last quarter of the book that puzzles us. A distinctly alien element seems to intrude. This alien element is a thesis. There had been more than a hint of occasional preaching before this. But Patricia, Buckborrow's wife, at this stage seems to us to be jockeyed into a certain position by the author because he is anxious to prove something, rather than to bring his book to a thoroughly convincing termination.

The book ends with Buckborrow in possession of the wife who really makes him happy, Rachel Fernie,—of children and a farm and his loved country life. The former Mrs. Buckborrow (Patricia Corliss) is gracefully presented with the burnt end of the stick, though we cannot for the life of us see that she was not a finer person in many ways than the hero, "The Virtuous Husband." Unable to resist this conclusion himself, indeed, Mr. Tilden would seem to imply that he, too, thinks as much, in his last chapter. And this implication is, perhaps, borne out by the book's title. But the fact remains that he seems to us to have warped his story out of plumb to an ending that suited his sentiments and his particular view of simple rustic printing-office life, as opposed to life, specifically, in New York City. Thesis takes the place of pure narration, and this reveals a weakness, a desire shallowly to sermonize from the ratiocinations of the hero. This desire is checked somewhat by craftsmanship, but nevertheless apparent.

Yet Patricia was no less true to her nature than Buckborrow, and possessed greater strength of character throughout. She was decisive, he was indecisive. He remains indecisive. Rachel Fernie is an excellent and lovable character. Both women, in fact, stack up better than the man. They meet life, in their different ways, realistically and courageously. They know their own minds.

Therein, to us, would seem to reside the true significance of the story, not in the feeble implication that New York life is simply and solely a hectic maelstrom, that all exceptions taken to life in the small town are mere Greenwich Village buncombe, that Patricia's way of life (which so far as we can see was both hard-working and essentially harmless) led necessarily and inevitably to a fundamentally barren existence. This we say is the implication of the latter end of the book, feeble but unmistakable. But perhaps we are saddling the author too grievously with his development of Buckborrow's psychology. Buckborrow's sentiment for old friends was his best quality, but his mentality in every vital coil of circumstances proved itself distinctly second-rate. He was, in ways, lovable, but Jeffcoate was the stronger.

By saying which we see that we have got ourselves into a position where Mr. Tilden might very properly rejoin, "Certainly. What of it? I developed certain characters. I am perfectly aware of their virtues and their failings. I simply leave them to you. This was the particular life story of 'The Virtuous Husband.'" Yes, that is fair enough. But what we feel is wrong is largely a matter of emphasis. It comes down to this. The author is a great deal more in sympathy with his hero and his hero's desired way of life than we are. He is less fair to Patricia than he means to be. And we feel, to that extent, that the book is not written without bias. Could this bias have been avoided it would have been a much stronger novel. Where the bias does not enter, as in the excellent treatment of newspaper life, one reads avidly. Where it goes into publishing life in the city we feel that the author is, scamping. It is not his *métier*. It is not the life he really knows. It is New York "written up" for the popular magazines. By trying to make his novel "significant" of today, he has partially spoiled it. In the scenes where he is at home, in Spaulding, in the newspaper life in Boston, he writes of what he knows more thoroughly.

Surely there is too much concoction, too sudden and harsh a penalty for a coil of mere silliness, in the final break between Patricia and Buckborrow. Perhaps we are wrong. But that development still fails to convince us; it remains a sign to us of a warping of the essentially graphic and vivid story toward expedient ends. Yet turning back to the title page we find this quotation from Tacitus, "The ancient Germans believed that a sacred and prophetic gift resided in women; they consulted them as oracles and followed their counsels." In rather cryptic quotation must rest the book's real value. But it should have been illustrated with less intrusion of thesis. For Patricia proved Buckborrow's best counselor in the end, by deeds not words. After all, she did him the best service. As she says in the excellent final sentence (though in our opinion she has not failed at all):

"Every woman who fails at her job makes it a little easier for some woman who has not failed.—Good night, Mr. Jeffcoate."

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The famous "journal" of the Goncourt brothers, which has been jealously guarded from the public since the death of Edmond de Goncourt in 1896, will be made accessible to readers in the National Library in Paris on September 10, provided another eleventh-hour hitch does not occur.

This noted diary of eleven little volumes bound in green leather, locked in a strong safe, was left with the National Library with instructions that it was not to be published until twenty years after the death of the author.

Nearly thirty years have passed, but every time publication of the journal seemed imminent, strong influence from politicians and prominent men in the world of literature has prevented it. Their opposition is based on the belief that the journal contains anecdotes reflecting unfavorably on famous personages.

Léon Berard, Minister of Public Instruction in the Poincaré government, finally fixed the date for September, 1925. M. de Monzie, the present Minister, declared at the time that he would favor publication, and all literary Paris is looking forward with intense curiosity to that date.

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# Vibrant Essays

ESSAYS AND SOLILOQUIES. By MIGUEL DE UNAMUNO. Translated by J. E. CRAWFORD FLITCH. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1925. $3.

Reviewed by ARTHUR W. COLTON

"THE Tragic Sense of Life" was the only one of Señor Unamuno's very considerable list of works rendered into English, before this selective collection of samples from his various books. It seems that he cannot be sampled anywhere without giving forth his essential quality. Wherever you dip in, it is the same man, and not to be forgotten. Whether all Spaniards are imperious individualists or not, he is an imperious individualist, and individualism is the core of his doctrine.

"Is there? Is there not? These are the bases of our inner life—The problem of immortality is the supreme problem.—In the silence of every man's most secret chamber, whether believer or unbeliever, there lurks a shadow that whispers, 'Who knows?' " Both the longing and the doubt are necessary. Absolute certainty of either kind would make life impossible. "I do not wish to make peace between my heart and my head, between my faith and my reason. I wish rather that there should be endless war between them". Man is an end, not a means, and every man is unique. His consciousness is what the world is for. A human soul is worth all the universe. Between that immortal longing for immortality and the improbability of any surety of it, there is no truce. "Life is a tragedy, and tragedy is perpetual struggle, without victory or hope of victory".

*Therein lies its greatness. Therein lies* the greatness of the grave caustic peasantry of Castile. They have never ceased to be mediæval. "I believe less and less in the social question, and in the political question, and in the æsthetic question, and in the moral question, and in the religious question, and in all other questions invented so as not to face the real question—which is the question of knowledge of what is to become of my consciousness and yours—So long as we are not facing this question we are only making a noise". He does not wish to be European or modern. He feels an inner repugnance for *scientific orthodoxy, its methods and tendencies.* "I want wisdom. Science and wisdom are opposed. Science robs men of wisdom and converts them into phantoms loaded with facts—The modern European comes to the world seeking happiness for himself and others, and thinks he ought to succeed. I think not".

"Masses!" exclaimed Emerson some seventy years ago; "The calamity is the masses! I don't wish any mass at all, but only men and women"; and Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn lately, in *The Saturday Review,* found this same desire the burden of our rising literature: "Books, plays, poems—burn with a common ardor to break up the mechanical initiative mass life, to liberate the individual". Possibly, after all, this will be the main warfare of the coming times: between a mechanistic society seeking the flesh pots of Egypt in comfortable masses, pleased with the increasing elaborateness of civilization and its stores of knowledge, contented with activity in the service of useful ends; and, on the other hand, myriads of unmerged persons each seeking to deepen his own inner life, demanding his own identity, refusing to be merged, refusing to turn his face away from the insoluble problem before him and within him. If so, Señor Unamuno is a prophetic voice. He is at any rate an audible voice. He is not a philosopher with a system, but a teacher with a message and a protest. He protests that modern civilization is a school of triviality.

He was Rector of the University of Salamanca, before being exiled last year to the Canary Islands for criticism of the military dictatorship of Primo de Rivera. He used to lecture in the morning, walk and talk in the afternoon, and write in the evening in the same manner that he had talked all day. His style has the vibrancy of talk. It is "rapid, emphatic, explanatory, elliptical, disjointed, charged with intonation and gesture".

It is to be hoped that the rest of his works, or the more important, will soon be translated, and that the next one will be the "Vida de Don Quijote y Sancho."

# Spanish Bard and Prophet

JACINTO BENAVENTE. By WALTER STARKIE. New York: Oxford University Press. 1924. $3.50.

## PLAYS

By JACINTO BENAVENTE

*Translated from the Spanish, with Introductions,* by John Garrett Underhill. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Third Series. 1924 $.2.50 each.

Reviewed by WILLIAM A. DRAKE

MR. JOHN DOS PASSOS, in discussing the advent of subways and the encroachments of modern metropolitan "efficiency" upon the indolent romanticism of Madrid, once cited the lamentation of a troubled native,—the Spanish, we hope, will always remain the most reluctant of Europeans to accept the clanging expedients of industrial civilization and to profit by their use,—which concluded with the assertion that the authentic spirit of Madrid continues to live only on its stage, and that Don Jacinto Benavente is its particular bard and prophet. "*Tiente el sentido de lo castizo*", he said.

"*Lo castizo*" is one of those words which drive good translators to the breaking of pens and of the Third Commandment. In Castilian it conveys the whole fragrance of the local, the sense of something that is conceived and developed in the essential spirit and tradition of the province of roses. It is exactly descriptive of the plays of *Don Jacinto Benavente; and in this characteristic* resides their difference and much of their excellence. The theatre of Madrid today—one should hesitate to say the theatre of Spain—is characterized by a certain spontaneity, a certain deftness of phrase and effect, a certain pungency of wit, and a singular replacement of nervous for emotional values which are found nowhere else in the world. Benavente, as the first dramatist of Spain, is the supreme exemplar of this spirit, and it pervades all of his plays.

It was not, perhaps, these more delightful qualities that gained Benavente, in 1922, the Nobel Prize for Literature; but they are somehow more important to us than either the cumulative impressiveness or the social significance of the great Spaniard's literary achievement. Benavente has written plays that are nothing but literature, and he has written literature; but his heart has always been mortgaged to the stage. No great dramatist,—and we may call Benavente great without timidity,—has been so completely at one with the acting theatre as he, who as a youth ran away with a circus and is today the most distinguished actor-manager in the world. No accomplished manager has known to a greater nicety the potentialities of his public and the technique of creating a new public for each variety of his offerings. It would be a safe conjecture that Benavente, when he first entered the theatre, did not set out to win the Nobel Prize and to become a literary celebrity, for to this day he is probably closer to acting than to literature. What he really aimed to do was to express himself successfully in the theatre. The rest has followed by virtue of the vitality of his message and the perfection to which he has brought his instrument. Therein is the greatness of Jacinto Benavente and William Shakespeare. Incidentally, they both made money. Sound art is not necessarily a pauper.

The theatre of Benavente is multitudinous and living, sophisticated and sensitive, and impregnated with the spirit of modernity. Because he is fundamentally a critic of life and aware of the genealogy of events, Benavente has been more chary than most modernists of breaking with the traditions of the past; but upon their solid basis he has erected the structure of a new art, conservative and secure,—a perfectly digested, tactfully poised, and discriminated art which he has made expressive of all the currents of modern Spanish life and sufficient to all the needs of the modern theatre. It is perceptible in his work from his earliest fantasies, and comes to its perfection in his social comedies. Whether he portrays the lives of aristocracy or bourgeoisie, the accent, the gesture, the stride are natural and living. We have the figures of life before us, speaking as jerkily and acting as inconsistently as in any street or drawing room; but it is life touched by the alchemy of the creative imagination. From fantasy to satire, from comedy to tragedy, from the slaves of passion to the masters of life, Benavente in his ninety plays has touched the whole of Madrid's life and dreams. Mr. Starkie, in his monograph, divides these as "realistic plays: satirical plays, plays of middle-class life, and dialect plays; plays of fantasy; and psychological studies, romantic comedies and plays of pageantry, and grotesques"; but these classifications are arbitrary, unsatisfactory, and misleading, for each of Benavente's plays is touched by the whole color of his versatile art, which includes subtler tones which are not noted in the obvious critical alignments. Benavente's art must in the end be taken as those who are wise take life: as an entity, comprehending everything but pertaining exclusively to nothing, which is to be experienced with profit and without vain tears and frantic questing, to which dogmatic generalizations are not to be applied, and which is richest when savored in the going. This is a recommendation to be pleaded for few creative artists; but the general reader will fare better with Benavente without critical guidance, for what he presents is not a premeditated philosophy but the raw materials from which each may apprehend his own conclusions.

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Mr. Starkie's essay on Benavente leaves, if we may be cruel, almost everything still to be desired that we would wish for in a study of this very interesting Spaniard. The author apparently possesses an extraordinary knowledge of Spanish literature, but he exhibits it a little ineptly and has allowed it to divert him from the really important elements in Benavente's art which bind the dramatist so closely to the contemporary world. Mr. Starkie is too much given to hyperbole and too eager to affix permanent labels to accomplish precise criticism, and in spite of his remarkable knowledge not only of the circumstances of Benavente's life but of the sociological and historical background of his plays, he appears to have missed the dramatist's idealism as completely as he has misunderstood his exact significance to the modern world. His discussion touches only slightly on Benavente's plays since 1914, although this more recent is in many ways the dramatist's most expressive and serious period. This book is valuable as far as it goes, but it seems at every point to stop short with unerring precision at exactly the point where the mystery is beginning to unfold itself.

The fourth and most recent volume of Mr. Underhill's translation of the plays of Benavente includes two excellent comedies written, at the two poles to be sure, but in the Castilian tradition to which we have referred: "The School of Princesses" and "Field of Ermine". Of the two other plays included in this volume, "The Magic of an Hour", an early romantic fantasy in which two porcelain figures come to life for an interval of dalliance, is negligible; and "A Lady", the tragedy of an unfortunate woman who has given all to love only to be deserted by her lover, is of minor importance, though its excellence would plead for a more extended mention than we can give it. Taken as a whole the volume is very successful, and Mr. Underhill is to be complimented as much for the wisdom of his selections from Benavente's ample bibliography as for the excellence of his translations and introductions.

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The bard's crown of the Welsh Eisteddfod, national festival for the encouragement of music and literature, has been won for the third time by the Rev. William S. Evans of Bridgend, Wales, who was the winner in 1913 and again in 1917.

He is one of the most popular of Welsh poets and the ceremony of crowning him was performed amid enthusiastic scenes. Ten thousand persons attended the festival, delegations coming from the British colonies and Dominions and from the United States. There were more than 3000 entrants in the competitions in music, drama and poetry.

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# Our Taste in Poetry

POEMS FOR YOUTH: AN AMERICAN ANTHOLOGY. Compiled by WILLIAM ROSE BENET. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1925.

AMERICAN MYSTICAL VERSE. Selected by IRENE HUNTER. Preface by ZONA GALE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by G. R. ELLIOTT
Amherst College

THESE two books mean a fresh and significant development of the anthological art in America. So far, in the light of that art, our collections of poetry have been too huge or too sectional. Stedman's "American Anthology" and Page's "American Poets" are huge parks of verse, their entrances bearded with portraits of the chief proprietors. Outside are a number of smaller holdings, each bounded somewhat vaguely or somewhat factitiously. And recently a rough fence has gone up across the forward end of the territory with signs announcing that the lots on the hither side are "modern," "since 1910," "contemporary." But the essential anthologist—for instance Palgrave, spite of all his faults—does not set out to represent periods of schools or even poets. He represents himself and poetry; and he delimits his work by some category that is at once distinct and humanly flexible. Thus do our present editors. They have each wandered freely and widely over the landscape of American poetry, happily oblivious of park gates and board fences, choosing what flowers they would; and, with a very few exceptions, choosing differently. Each book has a marked personal tang which, even when offending the reader's taste, challenges him and lures him on. At the same time he gets a fresh and quite mysterious sense of the poetic life of America as a whole—a single unwalled life permeating all our various soils and stalks, and putting out blooms to be tended and culled rather than localized.

Eschewing local and temporal classifications, the most ardent kind of anthologist likes to group his poems by inward affinities. This the present editors have not done. Probably they resisted the charms of "poetic grouping" in view of its obvious danger, its tendency to be wilful and cryptic. My own opinion is that oracular Apollo should be heeded in this matter, but only after a rigorous lustrum in the service of Cronus. First, the anthologist should range his chosen poems as closely as possible in their order of composition and leave them thus for a long while. But eventually he should bring together those that, belonging to the same general period, cry out irresistibly an inward kinship.

* * *

For full success, however, this method demands of the compiler and his readers a certain vital catholicity of poetic taste which does not belong to us at present. America is now groping for it and may attain it in the future. The New England poetic norm of fifty years ago is largely dissolved; the wider national norm of the future is still far to shape. Meanwhile our poets are widely experimenting; and at the same time the inchoate larger America has begun to discover that poetry "to us as a nation is *something that matters*," as Mr. Benét remarks in his introduction. Our mechanical ingenuity as a nation, he says, "has extended to a large part of our contemporary writing—a peculiar achievement." Hence, I may add, many poems that the future anthologist will consider too forced or quaint or slapdash can appeal to us nowadays as rather vitally original. We are exploring energeteaneous. It is quite natural that the present compilers should give half their space to poetry of the past thirty years. It is all the more significant that they should feel no real break in tissue between the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

I know of no collection that is so likely as Mr. Benét's to tempt the youth of today to read American poetry, past and present, "for pleasure, not as a task." This is the aim on which the general inically between two poetic norms, one dead, one waitrepresented. These introductions have too much of journalistic slapdash in their style and in their critical introductory notes provided for all the 125 poets troduction closes, and it runs through the spirited ing to be born. Our national taste is not yet catholically vital, but it is vitally active. In becoming awake and widespread, it had to become somewhat confused and shallow, and very alertly contempor- generalizations. But also they have many a telling remark. This healthy gusto is contagious. It blends with the poems like an emanation from them. The chosen poems are remarkably immediate in their appeal to the reader.

Nor need the reader be a youth in years if he has youth in his heart. In fact the book is something more than "Poems for Youth": it is "an American anthology" representing a youthful phase of our national taste, a widespread interest in quick and vivid poetic effect. But the compiler was well inspired when he decided to design the volume for "average young people in their late teens and early twenties." If he had aimed it at average middle-aged persons in their late forties and early fifties. . . . As it is many of these elders will be struck by it casually. Mayhap they will lift it patronizingly from the fingers of sons and nieces and pupils. They will come to it to sniff, and remain to play. Then, seriously intrigued, they will read it entire and find themselves marking passages in new together with oldtime favorites. Thus the book will help to heal our American breach between "lowbrow" youth and "highbrow" age. The taste of today is at once healthily youthful and shallowly sophisticated. But Mr. Benét as a rule has a sharp sense for the genuine and perennial spirit of youth.

In general, choosing as he says "in well-considered opposition to the stereotyped anthology," he has omitted recent poems which are merely clever in style and older poems which are merely sanctioned in sentiment. In a total of 250 selections some 120, fifty of which are not in Stedman's collection, fall within Stedman's period, i. e. up to the year 1900. To ponder these choices in relation to the choices from the twentieth century is to realize how singularly fresh and unified this book is. All sorts of verse which youth or a youthful mood would pronounce "heavy stuff" are successfully omitted: stiff odes, careful moral efforts, polished emotional rotundities, elaborate imagistic and realistic studies. This book gives the poetry of swift movement and sharp image. The youth whose taste is still elementary will find plenty of ballads and songs of sea, battle, sport, obvious passion and humor—all the way from "Marco Bozzaris" to Clement Wood's "Glory Road." From these he may pass to a large variety of verse in which, without losing immediate appeal, the poet weaves lines and colors of finer suggestion.

Of poems which essay deeper thought, Mr. Benét prefers those rich in vivid suggestion, in "color and flavor and individuality." In fact he is continually apt to attribute weightiness to poems that have it not—to mistake a certain vigor of flow for depth if the surface is dense with contemporary tints. Hence his mistreatment of Emerson, whom he reveres afar off: "If Whitman told us a great deal about the material world, Emerson invested the immaterial with the glamour and wonder it may have for an elemental spirit." But later: "Emerson, somehow, we associate with the cloister, Poe with the empyrean" . . . Emerson if anything is empyreal.

But Mr. Benét is consistent. Lukewarm to the real fire in Emerson's nobility, he is cold indeed to the formal grandeurs of Bryant, who is represented by "Thanatopsis" alone. More pertinent than the majestic tenderness of "The Evening Wind," which can be keenly felt today. In one way or another the poetic taste of our rising generation should be lured up a little toward genuine nobility of spirit. And Mr. Benét gives a number of poems freshly touched with this quality.

The late Miss Hunter's collection provides an excellent complement for Mr. Benét's. From its very nature it is of narrower interest, and a skipping reader might easily undervalue it. But taken as a whole it is a rare and fine anthology—much finer than "The Oxford Book of Mystical Verse," which gave the original impetus for it according to Miss Gale's preface. The older book though richer in poetic art is on the whole an elaborate and arbitrary hodge-podge, assembled mainly from the poetry of England in the nineteenth century. To place alongside of it the present little volume is to realize how limpidly the mystic tradition coming down from the seventeenth century maintained itself in American verse, in contrast with English verse, during the past hundred years.

Perhaps quite unconsciously Miss Hunter strove for a proper proportion of the three qualities which a maker of this most difficult type of anthology has to consider: mystic mood, mystic suggestion, and variety. The central mystic mood—instant experience of a single unseen Life that submerges all the many interests of one's ordinary self—is necessarily rare and brief in poetry. A compilation devoted to this alone would need to be woven of short and often too fragmentary pieces. Moreover it would be open to the criticism which I heard an Irishman pass upon G. W. Russell's poetry: "good but monotonous, as it all turns upon God." It would be monotonously detached from life's variety. On the other hand a compiler will lose his way altogether if he admits any poem he happens to like so long as it has some or other touch of mystic *suggestion*. For this quality is not far from all poetry: it runs through many *genres* and is multiplex in nature—saintly, voluptuous, Platonic, Bergsonian. It may be more or less faintly present in poems of elaborate meditation or reverie; such as Shelley's "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty," Browning's "Rabbi Ben Ezra," Swinburne's "Hertha" and "Nympholept," all included by the Oxford editors. But works of this kind cut right across the grain of mysticism. The mystic mood is a verse from mental and emotional elaboration: it is essentially simplex and naive.

Miss Hunter's book is rightly and beautifully naive. It "turns upon God." Its dominant mood comes out in such piercingly plain words as these by the blind, deaf, and dumb Helen Keller:

> The word of God came unto me,
> Sitting alone among the multitudes;
> And my blind eyes were touched with light.
> And there was laid upon my lips a flame of fire.

Yet the selections are sufficiently various. A few, indeed, hardly belong. Miss Millay's "God's World" is "a feminine ectasy," as an early reviewer called it; and Angela Morgan's "I Have Meat" is another of the same. Half a dozen pieces, such as Joseph Auslander's "Somewhere I Know" and V. A. Storey's "Retribution," are too literary-conventional. Lanier's "Marshes of Glynn" and Moody's "Good Friday Night" seem, here, too elaborated. Yet the very fact that such poems stand somewhat aside from the main spirit of the book makes the reader realize how clear and compelling that spirit is. It boldly brings together some eighty poets, famous or obscure, very many of whom would seem, *a priori*, quite incongruous with each other in a work of this kind: Emerson and G. W. Doane, Poe and Holmes, Whittier and Whitman, Phillips Brooks and John Burroughs, Conrad Aiken and W. R. Benét, James Oppenheim and George Santayana, Ridgely Torrence and Henry Van Dyke . . . Brief and right selections are given; long and wrong ones are omitted. The reader has no sense of incongruity in passing, for instance, from the austere concision of Miss Guiney's "Deo Optimo Maximo" to the bright racy magic of Miss Branch's "Monk in the Kitchen." A few of the selections are purely Christian; a few are purely naturalistic. The majority of them cannot be strictly allocated to either of those two spheres, but lean decidedly toward the former, without dogmatic bias. In short, the book gives us a sense of a mystic and poetic spirit which, absorbing and reducing the recent overemphasis on nature, is returning upon the old experiences of religion with fresh light and conviction. This is significant for the development of an important aspect of poetic taste in America.

# A New Poetics

PRINCIPLES OF LITERARY CRITICISM. By I. A. RICHARDS. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1924. $3.75.

Reviewed by KENNETH BURKE

IT is frequently objected, as the author of "Principles of Literary Criticism" points out, that to concern oneself with problems of artistic excellence in an age of practical, economic ills is like being a "passenger on a short-handed ship." Art is looked upon, aside from valedictory addresses, as a distinctly minor influence in the life of a community; and there are many literary historians who would derive artistic standards directly from the sociological conditions along with which they arose, so that art by such a scheme becomes less a propelling force than an indicator of the direction of other forces. As pain is for us empirical evidence that our hand is on a pin or in the fire, so art is considered the empirical evidence of an age's discomfiture or well-being. Or otherwise stated, art is taken as

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the cheek, whose complexion, sallow or [illegible], is to be directly attributed to more "interior" conditions.

Mr. Richards's book goes a long way toward interfering with this patient and humiliating work, and restoring to art its position as the predominant moral factor which it is—a thesis he can motivate easily enough by calling attention to the effect of bad art in blunting reactions and debasing standards of value. He treats artistic experience as being in no qualitative way different from actual experience, asserting that neither one nor the other leaves us quite sane, our possibilities after either having altered in some degree. While at least one advantage which the artistic experience may have over the experience in life is that in life certain imperative needs of action and composure demand us to limit the impulses which we receive, whereas in art we are free to admit a much greater number and variety of impulses. The principal value of art, therefore, he situates in the production of attitudes, or states of incipient action:

> Every perception probably includes a response in the form of incipient action. We constantly overlook the extent to which all the while we are making preliminary adjustments, getting ready to act in one way or another. Reading Captain Slocum's account of the centipede which bit him on the head when alone in the middle of the Atlantic, the writer has been caused to leap right out of his chair by a leaf which fell upon his face from a tree. Only occasionally does some such accident show how extensive are the motor adjustments made in what appear to be the most unmuscular occupations.

Now, an unconscious system of moral values is precisely such a system of attitudes, or "unconscious preliminary adjustments"—and art, by its subtle insinuations of what aspects of life are to be desired and what to be avoided, contributes moral standards in that manner which seems most penetrative: by unaware absorption.

* * *

Such an interpretation involves an attack on some contemporary codes. For the emphasis on attitudes involves minimizing the importance of the immediate sensations in art, art deriving its values not from the "intensity of the conscious experience, its thrill, its pleasure or its poignancy [such factors being merely the means to a further end] but the organization of its impulses for freedom and fulness of life."

Thus, Mr. Richards's attack is directed first of all against the doctrines that there is some special artistic experience which is Beauty. And while taking into account very fully the technical aspects of art, his book is a constant attempt to avoid such words as Beauty, Form, Construction, Design, Rhythm, Expression in accounting for artistic efficacy. It would be impossible to summarize adequately his methods for doing this, methods which involve a keen and extensive study of the nature of communication. He distinguishes between the scientific and "emotive" use of words. Beauty being classed as "emotive," since it is a word without any direct reference, being the *evidence* that something has happened in the mind and not the *cause* of its happening. His application of this distinction is gratifyingly fertile.

* * *

In his discussion of "Poetry and Beliefs," the author very ably disposes of the Revelation theories which are threatening to become a movement at the present time. Advancing from Aristotle's dictum of tragedy's catharsis through pity and terror, he indicates in what way the work of art may exhilarate us and make life suddenly "simple" for us by fusing logical opposites into a single emotional unity, (terror being the movement away from an object, and pity the movement towards it). Thus, we are left with all the buoyancy of belief—and it is this "pure" Belief, these rewards of Belief without specific reference or *thing believed*, which he contends may give us that feeling of certainty so badly needed in an age of doubt. Up to this point he sees such exhilaration as a social asset, ministering, as Conrad Aiken might say, to our "psychotic needs." He then goes on to explain how this "pure" Belief may be mistaken for belief in some particular thing—the sheer "affirmation" of some phrase in music, for instance, being interpreted as metaphysical or "noumenal" insight. His careful distinction between scientific knowledge and this emotional knowledge might be very profitably read by the Arrow Collar Mystics who are arising in our midst, and who are constantly mistaking the *comfort* of Belief for actual insight into some specific *object* of belief.

## The Bowling Green

# Autonigrification

IT was a long time since I had seen Dove Dulcet, the literary agent. We met at the front door of The Snails, and he insisted on my lunching with him. Dove is getting older, his sleek blonde hair is more carefully combed over his sparse pate but there is still in his benign blue eyes that friendly enthusiasm that makes him so charming. He's one of the most perfect Harvard men I have ever known: to encounter him on 44th Street wearing his Hasty Pudding Club hatband (if that's what it is) and all steamed up about the boatrace, or the latest election to the Harvard overseers, or some editorial in the Boston *Transcript*, is to know the best life exhibits in affectionate simplicity. He is a thoroughly good man. And when it happens that any of life's seamier selvages get turned his way, he has a faintly hurt and puzzled look.

The little patio at the back of the club was almost empty. Most of the members are out of town in August, and we had the far end of the courtyard to ourselves.

"Ben, why don't you come here oftener?" he asked. "You're the kind of chap who ought to be helping to keep up the tone of this club. You ought to serve on committees and all that sort of thing."

Dove is an indefatigable committee-man; and being a bachelor with a pleasant apartment just round the corner from The Snails, he has no notion how little time a pater familias and commuter and journalist can spare for the gossipping amenities of club life.

Dove poured thick cream into his iced coffee, watched it spread and mingle, and glanced round to be sure we were not overheard.

"Did you ever serve on a Membership Committee?" he asked.

I shook my head. "Is that what carves the parallels on your fair brow? Phraseology by Shakespeare."

"Well," he said, "you'll never know how difficult life is until you've done it. See here, this is confidential and all that, but you're a cynic, you may have some suggestion. I'm in a deuce of a mess. You know Lauderdale?"

I didn't, personally, but of course I knew about him. Hugo Lauderdale had been president of a small college somewhere in the South, and had sprung into fame when he was suddenly invited to New York to edit one of the big magazines. He was rather a picturesque creature, and the preceding winter he had been quite one of the Figures of the Town—much in demand as a speaker, dinner-guest, and general Mixer. In the queer way that such things do happen in New York this provincial student of Plautus and Pliny had suddenly become a Personality, interviewed on any topic uppermost at the moment and pointed out at First Nights. I had wondered in a vague way how he liked it.

"Well," said Dove, "he's a perfect trump and of course he's just the kind of chap we ought to have here in the club. Everyone likes him, he's an unusually honest and amusing fellow, a real scholar (took his Ph. D. under Kittredge, you know) and a most pungent observer of the human scene. This spring I got him to let me put him up for membership here, everyone I spoke to was keen about it. If you look at the entry in the Candidates' Book you'll see it's just crowded with endorsements."

"Why naturally," I said. "He's an obvious Snail."

Dove looked very grave and leaned forward.

"Quite so," he whispered. "Then how do you account for the fact that the Membership Committee has been simply inundated with blackballing letters about him."

"Good Lord!" I said. "From what sort of people?"

"They're all anonymous, that's the nasty part of it. But we can't disregard them because they are all on stationery of other clubs—the very finest kind of clubs too. The Committee has been almost disrupted by it, one of the members threatens to resign, the dispute has been so bitter. I suppose I'll have to resign myself, I proposed Lauderdale."

The idea of Dove giving up his cherished Snails was too grotesque, I almost laughed at the tragic perplexity glistening on his warm pink face.

"The letters *can't* be disregarded," he cried plaintively. "Why look here. This is one from the Mason and Dixon Club." He showed me the sheet of heavy gray paper with its embossed monogram. Dove has the Harvard man's superstitious respect for heavily engraved stationery.

I read the note. It was written in a queer straggle of penmanship, with an ante-bellum pen, and said something like this:—*If Mr. Hugo Lauderdale is elected to The Snails he will be a great disappointment and in the interests of all concerned I urge you to refuse him.*

"Isn't that venomous?" Dove exclaimed. "Much worse than a specific charge. And the mystery is that so far as we know Lauderdale hasn't an enemy in the world."

"But none of his friends like him," I couldn't help quoting. "Apothegms by Whistler—or is it Wilde?"

* * *

I draw the veil over the rest of our luncheon. Dove grew more and more depressed. When I left him he was asking me how on earth he could go to Lauderdale with the news that the Committee must ask him to withdraw his candidacy.

But it was only the next day, queerly enough, that my boss asked me to run up and interview Dr. Lauderdale at his home. I was to ascertain the learned Editor's ideas of life in New York as compared with being a college president in Kentucky. Naturally, knowing what I did, I undertook the assignment with pleasure. I enjoy these little human kinks.

Dr. Lauderdale received me with Bourbon politeness, but I don't think he relished being interviewed. I got the impression of a man who was living under heavy strain, and still trying quixotically to keep up his pleasures of scholarship among the furious distractions of New York. It was a rainy day and a posse of uproarious children were hallooing up and down the passage outside his study. His desk was piled high with unanswered mail. His shaggy grizzling head was almost Socratic in dignity, but his eyes seemed to me a trifle wild and weary. While we were talking the phone rang.

"How do you do," I heard him booming into the instrument his magnificent bronze barytone. "Friday evening, the twentieth? Why it's most kind of you, but I'm afraid . . . ."

There was a busy squeaking from the other end of the circuit. Then Dr. Lauderdale: "Well, you put it so graciously, I don't see how I can—Yes, I'll be most happy to come."

He scribbled on a memorandum pad and turned to me. "Mr. Trovato, how can a Southerner live in New York? You know what we're like in Kentucky, we simply can't say No. Any invitation that sounds courteous and complimentary, we *have* to accept. So I *do* accept, I've never learned how to turn a man down *viva voce*. Then sometimes I have to resort to the most appalling stratagems—"

He broke off, looking embarrassed.

"Well, to resume the subject of our chat," he said, "you can quote me as saying that life in New York is almost too cordial. And the way expenses mount up, really, a man with a family—"

* * *

On my way back to the office I gave Dove a ring.

"Listen, old thing," I said, "if you want to make your friend Lauderdale thoroughly happy, go to him at once with the news he's been blackballed. The man's living beyond his means as it is, by sheer good nature. He's a fine fellow, I don't wonder everyone likes him."

"But those loathsome malicious letters," Dove began. "How on earth can I tell him—"

"Forget 'em," I said. "He wrote them himself."

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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# Books of Special Interest

## Austria's Case

AUSTRIA IN DISSOLUTION. Being the Personal Recollections of Stephan, Count Burian. Translated by Brian Lunn. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1925. $5.

Reviewed by Sidney Fay
Smith College

"FATE went its way uncompromisingly to the terrible end." This is the *leitmotiv* of this interesting, dignified apologia of one of Austria's Elder Statesmen. Count Burián was minister to Bulgaria in the exciting decade, 1886-1895. As Joint Minister of Finance from 1903 to 1912 he had charge of Bosnia and Herzegovina during the Annexation Crisis. He was also twice Joint Minister of Foreign Affairs during the troubled months of 1915-16 and again in 1918. Looking back over a long public life, during which he evidently kept a diary, he points out the efforts—mostly only half-measures at best—to stem that violent rising tide of nationalism which ultimately disrupted the Dual Monarchy. But—"a cruel fate overtook us."

Yet this simple solution of putting the blame on Fate will not satisfy the historian. And the very thing which gives Count Burián's book its great interest and value is the fact that, though he continually falls back on his fatalistic *leitmotiv*, he nevertheless discloses *why* Fate seemed to work toward the dissolution of his country. While most writers, à la Seton-Watson, merely denounce the "oppression" of German-Magyar misrule, Count Burián is able to unravel authoritatively the tangled web of personal and party interests, which even before 1914 paralyzed Austria-Hungary from taking the only measures which might possibly have saved her from dissolution. The most disastrous cause of paralysis was the jealousy between the Austrian and Hungarian halves of this anomalous dual state. This prevented the Monarchy from reaching a timely settlement of the Bosnian question in a way which might have offset the Greater Serbian agitation. Each half of the twin-state had different economic interests in the Balkans. Austria wanted to find new markets for her industry, while Hungary wanted to protect herself effectively against competition from the agricultural products of the Balkan states. When the Magyar landlords succeeded in setting up a prohibitive tariff against Serbian pigs and prunes, they merely intensified Serbia's ambition to get an economic outlet on the Adriatic, and this in turn threatened Austria's hold on Bosnia and her influence in the Western Balkans.

In internal policy neither German nor Magyar had the wisdom and foresight to grant more than grudging, tardy, half-measures to meet the demands of the subject nationalities. What Burián says of Count Tisza, who was assassinated at the final collapse, is generally true of most of the Austro-Hungarian officials. "The tragedy of his fate lies in the fact that while he strove earnestly to achieve his lofty aims he was led astray by atavistic prejudice; he sincerely believed that the welfare of his country would be assured by maintaining unchanged the relationship between the various peoples of Hungary, which he regarded as sanctified by law and tradition and unassailable as a dogma." They could not bring themselves to make timely concessions to the new spirit of nationalism and democracy; they did not realize the truth of the proverb, *bis dat qui cito dat*. However, it must remain one of the unsolved riddles of history, whether even timely concessions could have saved from dissolution such an anachronistic social and political structure as the old Dual Monarchy. The unhappy history of the Croats, Slovenes, and Bosnians, not to mention other "Balkanized" Danubian peoples, since the "war of liberation," seems to suggest that even wide and timely concessions could hardly in the long run have saved the Hapsburg Empire from its "fate." At any rate, here is a book which discusses the problem with knowledge, honesty, and sympathy.

## Practical Policies

THE BRITISH LABOR MOVEMENT. By R. H. Tawney. New Haven: The Yale University Press. 1925. $2.

Reviewed by Philip Coan

A STUDENT of high standing in the field of economic history, an English university lecturer and a warm adherent of the British Labor Party, Mr. Tawney was excellently qualified to present in America the exposition of Labor's position and aims that the arrival of a Labor Government at Westminster seemed in 1924 to render timely. Though the MacDonald ministry has fallen since Mr. Tawney addressed the Institute of Politics last summer, the Labor Party, strong and full of fight as ever, still counts heavily in British affairs. His account of its rise and aims, rendered at Williamstown, and now published, still has for most purposes the force of the present tense. The policies that he sets forth are still a force in being.

Mr. Tawney is a political realist. He has no patience with "resounding abstractions," the "attenuated currency of political controversy." He emphasizes the degree to which principles change their color in sympathy with dominant interests, or as plain language might put it, the way in which circumstances alter cases. He represents Labor as reaching out its hand for several perfectly definite things. It seeks minimum living and working standards, more provision for health and education, more old age and unemployment maintenance, heavier taxes on the wealthy and the acquisition of fundamental industries by the Nation. Labor as Mr. Tawney interprets it to us wants to put the coal mines under public ownership in order to make them earn better pay and more wholesome conditions for the miner, and produce cheaper coal. The ulterior question whether a state can in an economical sense persistently stand on its head, he considers, like Father William, irrelevant. The difference between realism and idealism is after all apt to be a matter of short versus long political focus: the idealist steers by a steeple, the realist believes in crossing the bridge when he reaches it.

It will happen, indeed, that the realist sometimes finds himself seeking immediate advantage by simultaneously following opposite principles. Thus Labor, within England, if hard pressed economically, must kill off the drones. A poor nation must forego the "luxury of a leisure class," and Labor therefore would raise income taxes and death duties still further. At the same time, when England, playing the capitalist as a nation, invests money to develop territories under its own or other mandates, this is a "legitimate proceeding," and Asiatics or Africans or European powers holding mandates must not despoil or hinder British investment. It would appear that if the Egyptian or the South African native fancies he "cannot afford the luxury" of earning dividends on British investments, or of supplying cotton or gold, his error must be shown him.

Two internal policies of the Labor Party, the nationalization of coal mines and the improvement of popular education, are treated by Mr. Tawney at especial length, each in an entire chapter. The rudimentary state of coöperation among British mine owners in the management of their collieries, as he depicts it, may surprise the American reader. The much disputed proposal to make the high-profit coal mines help meet the high costs of the marginal producers, familiar in this country, is presented, with British data as to the highly varied costs of coal production, brought out at the High Court inquiry of 1919. Labor's aversion to the policy of reserving higher education for the smart student is vigorously expressed.

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Two interesting biographical works announced for autumn publication in England are "The Letters of Sir Walter Raleigh," which have been edited by his wife, and "The Letters of Maurice Hewlett," edited by Lawrence Binyon. Hewlett's brother, the Rev. Edward Hewlett has contributed memories of the novelist's early days, and the editor has supplied a preface.

The fourth volume of extracts and specimens of the remarkable Goethe library kept by Anton Kippenberg has now appeared (Leipzig: Insel-Verlag). This volume of the "Jahrbuch der Sammlung Kippenberg" is indispensable to the student of Goethe.


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# Books of Special Interest

## Some Roman Problems

SOME PROBLEMS IN ROMAN HISTORY. By E. G. HARDY. New York: Oxford University Press. 1924.

Reviewed by M. ROSTOVTZEFF
University of Wisconsin.

E. G. HARDY, principal of Jesus College, Oxford, is well known as the editor of some important Roman legal documents ("Roman Laws and Charters," 1912) and of the famous "Res Gestae" of the Emperor Augustus which last, as a matter of fact, is a shortened reprint of the text of Mommsen with some explanatory remarks mostly borrowed from Mommsen. He has contributed also some valuable special articles on the history of the first century B. C. These articles are now reprinted by the author in a special book except for a longish article on Catiline which is published separately.

It is sufficiently known that the Oxford dons excell in commenting and studying the troubled period of the civil wars: Oxford's classical-historical studies are based on Cicero, Caesar, Livy, on one hand, and on Herodotus and Thucydides on the other. Hardy's studies seem to be just "chips from an Oxford workshop," all referring to one central personality—Caesar.

One article is devoted to "Some notable Judicia publica on capital charges" reaching its summit in the investigation of the famous cases of Rabirius and Cicero and supplemented by a special article on the case of Rabirius; other articles deal with the early and late activities of Caesar—"The agrarian proposal of Rullus in 63," an agrarian law whose author was no doubt Caesar, "Caesar's colony at Novum Comum in 59 B.C.," "The Table of Heraclea and the lex Julia municipalis," etc.

All the subjects debated by the author are crucial problems; our chief informer is Cicero, and the debates of the modern scholars all depend on the attitude which they take towards his veracity and honesty. Hardy, here also taking Mommsen as his guide, is a bitter enemy of Cicero and a fervent worshipper of Caesar. Expressions like "this gave Cicero a safe opportunity for two of his most telling accomplishments, unscrupulous misrepresentation and outrageous insinuation used with perfect impunity against a nonentity like Rullus," and epithets like these: dishonesty, cowardice etc. are freely used for Cicero all through the book.

I question very much that such an attitude is based on facts and justified and therefore that such a point of view throws much light on the many vexed problems of the miserable time of civil wars. Let me take one example. In 63 Caesar, through the tribune of this year, Rullus, tried to carry a new agrarian law of great political importance. Cicero opposed it and the law fell through. Hardy attempts to show in minutely criticizing Cicero, our main informer, that Cicero's opposition was dishonest, that he misrepresented the facts and that the law of Rullus was a great scheme both useful to Caesar and beneficent to the Roman people. Now take the ascertained facts. The law was intended first and foremost to check Pompey's influence and to give an almost unlimited power to a commission of ten under the pretext of collecting an enormous fund for buying land and of distributing this land to anybody whom the members of the commission liked, *i.e.*, chiefly to their partisans. The first task was to collect the funds which were put without restriction and without control in the hands of the commission. Can such a law in normal times and in a constitutional land be called sound and beneficent? Would Hardy approve of such a law promoted by MacDonald of England? Cicero, the constitutionalist, opposed the law because it aimed at creating a dictatorship, and he was right. He knew his time and his men better than the Oxford professor. Whoever the members of the commission might be they were out for a political fight and not for a sound and beneficent economic measure.

Even as an economic measure the law was monstrous. How was the fund to be collected? To a large extent by selling state property, both in Italy and in the provinces, no doubt to large capitalists, thus originating an unheard of speculation and profiteering. Is that a sound measure? In addition to that the commission had the right of visiting all the recently acquired provinces and of declaring public property what they desired to be such. There is no doubt that such a measure was an open door for bribes and grafts even if some of the members were honest men. Cicero knew it. Hardy believes apparently that the mere name of Caesar would spread honesty and unselfishness amongst the most avowed crooks. Beside, the members of the commission had the right of taxing all the lands which were not sold as high as they liked. Would Hardy approve of such a method of taxation for England? I cannot dwell on the problem at length. In my mind the distribution of the public land in Campania to the proletarians of Rome was a crime and Cicero was right in saying so. The fact that such a distribution was later carried out by Caesar does not change the situation. Caesar committed the crime and ruined thousands of honest landholders for the sake of his political advance. There is no doubt that large public purchases of land in Italy, especially from those whose titles were dubious, was not a measure apt to improve the morals of this time and to stop boundless speculation. Augustus renewed a similar practice, but nobody would say that it was a blessing for Italy: in the last item it caused her economic ruin. And last but not least the new colonies of the decemvirs in the neighborhood of Rome, especially in Campania, were certainly a great political danger.

Other notable peculiarities of the book are: the nowadays fashionable disregard of what other scholars have done in the same field, with some rare exceptions; disregard of many great achievements of modern scholarship, *e. g.*, in the criticism of our literary sources; a provocative and arrogant tone in polemics sometimes referring to scholars of the first rank who being dead cannot read and answer the invectives of Hardy, *e.g.*, O. Hirschfeld, the well-known German scholar who has done for our field much more than Hardy.

However the reading of the book though not a pleasure is instructive. Among exaggerated and wrong statements there are some pages which are a real contribution to our knowledge of the first century B. C.

## American Doctrine

THE ESSENTIAL AMERICAN TRADITION. By JESSE LEE BENNETT. New York: George H. Doran.

WHAT are the essential doctrines of American political philosophy? What have the greatest Americans said upon such subjects as popular sovereignty, the rights of man, the social compact, and the diffusion of social justice? Mr. Lee has undertaken to answer these questions by compiling an anthology of the significant paragraphs and sentences from national documents, state papers, and the writings and speeches of American statesmen. One merit of the book lies in the wide variety of its sources. Thus it illustrates the American doctrine of government by consent of the governed by giving us excerpts from the writings of not merely Jefferson, Hamilton, Paine, Webster, Wilson, and other obvious statesmen, but from the utterances of such men as Edward Everett, William Austen, Charles Pinckney, and William Goudy, and from a dozen State Constitutions. Colonial thinkers and writers, from Bradford, Sewall, Roger Williams, and William Penn down to 1776, are well represented. Mr. Lee provides a long introduction, which evidences thorough research in his subject, and which must be read if the student wishes a key to the rather crudely classified materials which follow it. The volume has some value for reference by the historical scholar, and will also interest general readers who want a commonplace-book of political maxims and reflections, and cannot compile their own. It is full, however, of resounding generalizations and platitudes, and it reveals a less original and clear-cut body of opinion upon the several topics discussed than might be supposed. Moreover, it does not hang together very closely. Carl Schurz's remarks on the Illinois democracy which produced Lincoln, and Wilson's statements of the aims of America in the World War, are placed cheek by jowl in the section called "The Social Compact," but they have little in common. The net effect is of an anthology which attempts so large and vague a task as to miss its aim.

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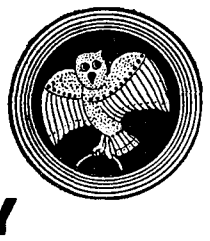

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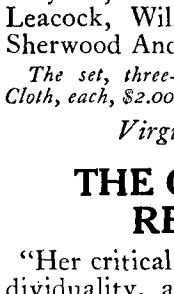

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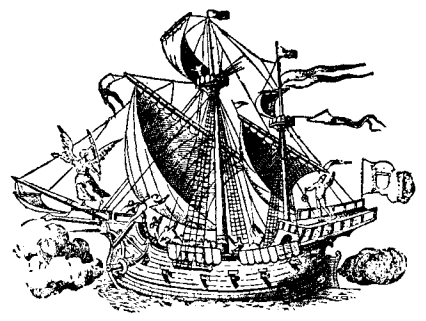

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# Foreign Literature

## A Spanish Style

LAS FIGURAS DE CERA. By Pio Baroja. Madrid: Caro Raggio. 1925. 5 pesetas.

Reviewed by Henry Leach

NOTHING that has been published in Madrid in recent times has provoked more critical interest than the latest novel of Pió Baroja, though "Las Figuras de Cera," meaning wax figures or dolls, is only a novel in so far as the form is essential to the author for the further relation of his series of "Memorias de un Hombre de Acción," in which are set forth phases of the difficulties of Spain, chiefly political, in the early part of the last century when the Peninsular War, the Carlist wars, and other upheavals brought her to a sad state of confusion. Such confusion is fairly represented by the bewilderment that falls upon the reader when he gets himself into the middle of such a book as this and tries to keep his characters and their intentions properly distinct. The story begins suavely and almost encourages the hope of a literary adventure against the Military Directory by Pió Baroja, the pessimist who feels that life cannot be explained in any way, that there is no logical solution to the greatest of problems, and that the best action for the man of strength and conscience is to be defiant, display indeed an attitude of general rebellion, live the primitive and savage natural life as far as one may and would, and certainly be a vagabond. Handling the vagabond and rebel against arbitrary order and social establishment Baroja is at his best, and his clear, limpid style, so simple as to be hardly style and yet the best, flows into moulds where it stands for the best Spanish literature of the present time, strongly influenced evidently by the Russian novelists. Their effect has been greater on Baroja than any other except perhaps the brilliant essayist, Martinez Ruiz, who has achieved fame under the pseudonym of "Azorin." In his sombre lines we see the contrast between the old Spain of carelessness and the saddened land that lost the last part of her colonial empire a generation back, and at this moment is fighting for the ultimate morsel of it in Morocco. He is compared often to Gorki. Certainly for his clearness he is one of the very best Spanish authors for foreign readers to cultivate; and it is one of the tragedies of modern Spanish literature, so much better than it is imagined to be, that it is known abroad almost entirely by certain volumes of the best-seller class, while its best products which will by long outlive the others, remain at home.

☙ ☙

Book writing is not encouraged by the prevailing military despotism in Spain. The censorship in daily journalism has been intense, and the governmental authorities, feeling that writers of books are clever and crafty fellows, and would weave into their hundreds of pages undetectable threads of discontent against authority, have made rules with much of the effect of prohibition. Only rarely emerges some new creation from this military void, although by nature Spanish authors of the time are prolific, and this very Baroja wrote thirty-four novels in his first twenty years of work. There will be a flood of Spanish literature after the Directory, and some of it will be strong and fine.

Conditions being as we know them, it was almost an affair for excitement when it became known that Baroja would publish this work under the Directory, and it seemed very real as we read on the first page of the "Prologo" that "only war and usury make people rich with rapidity." In that prologue other Barojian ideas emerge as when someone says that "Today we are trying to live like sensible persons, for which it appears that we Spaniards have few qualifications."

Eugenio de Aviraneta, who strove craftily, politically and romantically, in the confused Spain of a century ago, is the "man of action" as before. The headquarters of action is Bayonne, over the French border in the north, and the strong man is working on a scheme for scotching the Carlist war of the time by means of some forged documents, but we are diverted to an adventure by which a load of waxwork figures is taken into Pamplona and what is supposed to be old iron, but is really gold and silver looted from a church, is brought out of it, while a love affair between Alvarito, descendant of aristocracy, and Manón of the rag-and-bone family proceeds in gusts. By such means crowds of incidents are held together, and interest is held by the keen characterization, but the book has been called an experiment, and Baroja himself in the prologue, speaking through the lips of another, and objectively, of these memoirs as discovered writings, says that from the point of view of the novel the author describes too much, defines too much, draws the features of the characters, but moves them little, and above all does not make them speak. Historically it is another matter. The work has the supreme quality of being different from others, with care and reason and an infinite skill exercised upon it.

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## Romantic Theory

DIE ROMANTIK UND DIE GESCHICHTE. By Kurt Borries. Berlin: Deutsche Verlagsgesellschaft für Politik. 1925. $1.75.

Reviewed by Allen W. Porterfield

THE nine chapters of Herr Borries's book deal with the attitude of the two Schlegels, Tieck, and Novalis toward such notions as art, symbolism, religion, the state, nationalism, and history. There is also a discussion of Schelling's idea of freedom. It is good, but *es ist alles schon da gewesen.* German scholarship pays a bad dividend in the way of originality.

Herr Borries looks upon Friedrich Schlegel as the "Newton of History." He was, but he saw the light of history as through a glass, darkly. Herr Borries regards Tieck's "William Lovell" as his most original work. This is clever and correct. He contends that the romanticists set up the systems of philosophy for which they are now noted because the philosophy of any man depends upon the man. This is also true, Fichte said so long ago, and is damaging to philosophy. He lists Wilhelm Schlegel as the encyclopædist among the romanticists. This is fetching and relatively original. He remarks that while the romanticists had an abundance of wit and caprice, they lacked real humor. They did. He claims that it was Edmund Burke who set the romanticists right on the matter of the French Revolution. Somebody had to. He avers that had Friedrich Schlegel kept away from the art galleries of Paris and Cologne he would never have gone over to the Catholic Church. But why did Schlegel single out those particular galleries for ardent attention? He argues at length that the romanticists were unfitted for the plastic arts with especial reference to architecture. But they certainly had much to do with the revival of interest in Mediæval architecture.

And so it goes through the whole book—stimulating, suggestive, controversial, repetitive. From it all Herr Borries concludes that the German romanticists lived in a revel and riot of ideas; that they were unable to bring order into the very chaos which they themselves had created, and that the political, intellectual, artistic, and religious life of Germany in 1925 is unthinkable without the romanticists of a century and more ago. Of the truth of this last statement the book before us is good proof. It is also a reassuring sign. A man simply cannot be dull and romantic at the same time. It is stupidity, not brilliancy, that mulcts faith and manœuvres revolution.

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A second series of the letters and diaries of Sir William Hardman are announced. Mr. S. M. Ellis, who has edited the book, is a scholarly bookman whose work on his cousin, George Meredith, did not wholly please Meredithians, as it was written with entire sincerity. The new Hardman volume will throw light on a most curious, and up to now mysterious, passage, of English social history, namely the Duke of Wellington's friendship with the beautiful Mrs. Arbuthnot. She was the wife of Wellington's private secretary and she was under forty when she died. Those who have read the memoirs of Harriette Wilson, and those who remember the Duke's famous reply to a blackmailing lady—"Dear Sally, publish and be damned," are aware that the great soldier was no Galahad. But it is known that his intimate friends considered Mrs. Arbuthnot to have been, in a true sense, the love of his life.


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# The New Books

Books of fiction or title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later.

## Art

EVERYDAY ART By AMI MALI Hicks. Dutton. 1925. $2.

Is there an absolute standard in art, and if so, how far does it go? Can it be carried into such minor matters as dress, millinery, and the kindred arts or is beauty—or our judgment of it—variable and subject to ever-changing fashion, at least in these minor matters? Those to whom "The Beautiful" is as concrete a manifestation as is the multiplication table, will be delighted with Miss Hicks's book, for not only does she share their opinion, but she endeavors to apply it practically to such everyday matters as the fashioning of a hat or the colors in dress which should be selected by persons of various complexions. Certainly information of this sort is sadly needed, and if sound must be invaluable. If unsound, on the contrary, it tends to the cultivation of the fantastic and the eccentric.

Miss Hicks's book is written in a style which we are unable, at times, to classify as either certainly serious or ironical. Many of the writer's dicta are so sensible that we can hardly think that she would seriously stand sponsor for some of the reforms she advocates. Varying in content from the significant to the trivial and at times even to the frivolous, her volume is clever enough, at any rate, to stimulate the mind and arouse the interest. It is illustrated by photographs and by many amusing little sketches, evidently the work of the author, which enliven, if they do not clarify, the text.

THE ROMANCE CHURCHES OF FRANCE. By *Oliver E. Bodington.* Houghton Mifflin. $5.

RELATION IN ART. By *Vernon Blake.* Oxford University Press. $6.

## Belles Lettres

DIPPER HILL. By *Anne Bosworth Greene.* Century. $2.50.

ON THE TRAIL OF NEGRO FOLK SONGS. By *Dorothy Scarborough.* Harvard. $3.50.

FOURE BIRDS OF NOAHS ARKE. By *Thomas Dekker.* Appleton.

LANGLAND AND CHAUCER. By *Ikuzo Iijima.* Four Seas. $3.

THE GAY CITY. By *Arthur Phillips.* Brentanos.

THE GREATEST BOOK IN THE WORLD. By *A. Edward Newton.* Little, Brown. $5 net.

AMERICAN AND BRITISH LITERATURE SINCE 1890. By *Carl Van Doren and Mark Van Doren.* Century. $2.50.

## Biography

JOHN A. BRASHEAR: The Autobiography of a Man who Loved the Stars. Edited by W. LUCIAN SCAIFE. Houghton Mifflin. 1925. $4.

This autobiography is a new and forceful contribution to the growing body of literature illustrating the spirit of America: the philosophy of the ideal, the love of the beautiful, whether in the stars of the night or in the souls of men—these, not material aims, are our heritage. Mr. Brashear was remarkable in knowing and holding the love and respect of all, whether the lowliest in the ash pits of the steel mills, or the captains of industry and education. Early in life as a boy, Uncle John as he was affectionately known, learned to hitch his wagon to a star and for eighty long years his career seemed to go higher and higher until the end. His many friends the world over will delight in reading and preserving this book as a memorial of their friend and companion, and those who were not so fortunate as to have known Uncle John, even for an hour—will find here a most charming personality, easy of approach—even through a book.

The book is composed of twenty chapters each containing sketches of Brashear's busy life, valuable information for the history of science, and character estimates of prominent men and women of his time. Particularly to the history of astronomy in America is this autobiography a valuable contribution.

LEWIS MILLER. By ELLWOOD HENDRICK. Putnams. 1925.

This is the life story of a typical American of the old stock. It deals with the final three-quarters of the nineteenth century, a fascinating period of our history of which not half enough has been written. Or, rather, the vast bulk of the Civil War literature throws all the other aspects of that time and before and after in the shade. This book conveys a pleasant picture of family life in America between 1820 and 1899; but only in passing; for the author is chiefly concerned in paying a tribute to a worthy man. Like most "tributes" with all the care and pains that have been taken, it only succeeds in creating a prosy figure that is apt to repel the stranger. One suspects that Lewis Miller was a livelier and more engaging figure that is allowed to appear here. But at the best, his life does not afford very promising material. He was a good man; he worked hard and prospered greatly; there is not much drama in that.

Lewis Miller came of pioneer German stock. He grew up in the Ohio wilderness, and was in turn farmer, schoolteacher, and mechanic. He invented several important improvements to mowers and reapers, and by that means became rich. Running true to the form of his time, he served as Sunday School Superintendent in his home town (Akron) for many years. His crowning achievement was the founding of Chautauqua (1874) which we still have very much with us. He raised a large family. One of his daughters married Thomas A. Edison who contributes a brief introduction to this volume. Like the rest of the book, while adequate and faithful to its subject, it fails of any particular significance.

MADAME DE LA FAYETTE: LA PRINCESSE DE CLEVES. Translated by H. ASHTON. Dutton. 1925. $3.00.

The translator of this volume is a reputed scholar of Mme. de la Fayette and one who possesses a sympathetic insight into the phraseology of classical French. He has adopted a quaint English style in keeping with the delicacy and harmony of the original, and with the exception of an erratic introductory sentence has produced as good a translation as one could desire of a book that has held the attention of the readers of good literature for nearly 250 years. This sweet story where emotions revealed on the face of the heroine constitute the mainsprings of events, is acknowledged today as the first in date of psychological novels. It is a book of which the author herself recounts that "people were eating each other up" over it. Mme. de Sévigné, friend of the author, threatened to rewrite it. La Rochefoucauld, more than friend, helped in the process of polishing it. Written by a woman, it will always remain an intimate picture of a glorious age and court when love and marriage were not so synonymous as they are said to be today. It is one of her qualities that Mme. de la Fayette espouses the cause of the husband and makes him appear incomparably finer than the lover.

Mr. Ashton has supplied his translation of the novel with an excellent introduction and a very valuable appendix of biographical notes on the historical characters of the book. He seems to accept the recent identification of the Princess of Clèves, the one nonhistorical character, with Anne d'Este, granddaughter of Louis XII, who finally did marry the Duke of Nemours.

All teachers of comparative literature will welcome this translation which worthily takes its place beside the others in the notable series published as the Broadway Translations by Dutton.

MODELING MY LIFE. By *Janet Scudder.* Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.

LADY MARY WORTY MONTAGUE. By *Lewis Melville.* Houghton Mifflin. $5.

THE LITTLE CHRONICLE OF MAGDALENA BACH. By *Esther Meynell.* Doubleday, Page. $2 net.

## Drama

THE ART OF THE THEATRE. By SARAH BERNHARDT. Translated by H. J. Stenning. Dial Press. 1925.

This attractive book is a strange conglomeration of detached jottings taken down from the erratic dictation of the great actress. So miscellaneous is the collection that the section and chapter headings will impress one as slightly bizarre in a volume on the art of the theatre—Physical Qualities Necessary to the Actor; Moral Qualities; Impressions, Criticisms, Memories. So general are the divine Sarah's observations on these aspects of the art of the theatre, that there had to be relegated to the appendix the quite practical advice on the voice and make-up.

It is ridiculous to describe the volume

(*Continued on next Page*)


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*English Association. Pamphlet No. 60.*
Paper Cover 85c

An appreciation of a somewhat neglected writer— 'to read her work is to obtain one of the most delightful representations of English life in the time of George III'—with a few autograph letters and scraps hitherto unpublished.

**The Science of Prices**, A Handbook of Economics, by J. A. Todd. $2.00

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# The New Books

(*Continued from preceding Page*)

as a treatise on the art of the theatre, or to consider it as throwing any illumination upon any principles observed in dramatic production. Yet the volume has interest and charm, though it have slight value, or none at all. Read merely as the idle conversation of a fascinating and successful actress, the book begins to glow with animation. It evokes a personage. It delineates—as outspoken utterances upon any occupation by an adept inevitably will—a living creature who has by long and arduous practice gained preëminence in a calling. All experts can talk interestingly about their interesting vocations. This is exactly what the famous French actress does in this volume.

## Fiction

"HERE COMES THE BRIDE—" AND SO FORTH. By IRVIN S. COBB. Doran. 1925. $2.

Mr. Irvin Cobb may be regarded as one of our seeded humorists. We have labeled him and given him a place. It is true that for his humor Mr. Cobb has a formula, a method, a plan, an approach; indeed, a mould. In this, on the one hand, he does no more than several able contemporaries: Jerome K. Jerome, for example, or A. A. Milne. But, on the other, he has learned his trade so disastrously well that the effort appears now to have become mechanical, and the reader often feels that he is not reading spontaneous humor so much as the forced and designed paragraphs of a process.

A steady contributor to the magazines, Mr. Cobb continues a steady writer of books. "Here Comes the Bride" forms a collection of seventeen essays on such subjects as Homeliness, Trade, Zoos, Bores, Christmas Gifts, and Teeth. In them his method, the development of the casual theme, stiffened and ribbed all along the line by more or less relevant anecdote, is still, of course, a method of popular appeal. Personally, when we think of Mr. Cobb, we think of an earlier, and the most striking example of it. We think of "Speaking of Operations—." In the same way we connect Mr. Julian Street and "A Need of Change." But out of that recollection is born a curiosity; a curiosity to see if Mr. Cobb shall ever reattain the simple abandon of his now classic performance. It is not attained here, though the essay, the name of which is the title of the book, clips very close to the mark. Annual readers of Mr. Cobb will discover in the components of "Here Comes the Bride" old flavors, old exaggerations (it was H. W. Nevinson who said that American humor was a form of exaggeration; and Irvin Cobb is strictly American.); and the old, sometimes fatuous smile. Recruits in the wake of his pen will become acquainted with essays done in a loose, monotonous manner with a sometimes remarkable humor, rarely wit, and only revealing in part the true evidences of a really genial personality.

THE GREAT PANDOLFO. By WILLIAM J. LOCKE. Dodd, Mead. 1925 $2.

The Locke formula is not so simple as it looks. He could never write as naively as Mr. Curwood or Mr. Zane Grey, or devise plots as mechanically as his copious fellow-countryman, Mr. E. Phillipps Oppenheim. It is doubtful that he will ever be detected and exposed, for he has learned how to check his indisputable effectiveness well on this side of a troubling realism. But for all of that, the reader gets from every one of his capably ramified and calculatedly glamorous narratives a certain gratuitous but genuine artistic satisfaction. There is humor in them; there is often emotion purged of sentimentality; and there is (so far as it goes) a generous, semi-spiritual insight.

This present novel is no exception. It will remake no life, nor even linger long in any memory, but it is good enough to be read with steady absorption by anyone at all who picks it up. Its humor has a quiet finish—as when a suitor of the heroine, a precise man, says, in protesting his rejection: "It pleases you to—wilfully—misunderstand me" and his creator comments: "He split the infinitive with an air of deliberate sacrifice." Its central character is Lockian in the special sense of being a human oddity—in this case an oddity of splendor and crushing generosity. Sir Victor Pandolfo (son of an Italian curb-vendor and a London housemaid) is an inventor of genius, a connoisseur of

(*Continued on next page*)

# Trade Winds

WHEN it appears in auction records that the first editions of Boswell's "Johnson" have gone to three times the price level of four or five years ago, the bookseller is inclined to give not a little credit to the gossiping book collector of Philadelphia, A. Edward Newton, whose "The Amenities of Book Collecting" started "kindred affections" among many other readers.

His new volume seems to be the happiest and most inclusive of any since the first, and the bookseller will feel that the more volumes he is able to place, the more of the collecting impulse will be generated. Perhaps the chapter on "A 'Divine' and His Works," may lead many back to "Tristram Shandy" and the "Sentimental Journey." This chapter has a pleasant tilt with Professor Phelps of Yale, who had ventured to say that he would put down two books as "colossal bores," "Don Quixote" and "Tristram Shandy."

A book, (says Mr. Newton) which has kept its vogue for one hundred and sixty-five years and which is constantly being reprinted in popular editions and read, notwithstanding its inordinate length and discursiveness, must have merit. It should not—indeed, it cannot be read in a hurry, and it must be skipped; but one must have the art of skipping; if this art is lacking, it should be read word by word, or many of its witticisms and beauties and naughtinesses, which are very subtle, will be lost. It is a book to read in bed—in a bed in which you sleep diagonally and in which you may chuckle or talk quietly to yourself without being told it is time to put out the light.

⁂ ⁂

We New Yorkers may pause a moment to pay tribute to a great London bookseller who is on his first visit, a man whose shop I visited with the greatest pleasure in the year that I had in London before venturing into the American field. Far up on High Street, beyond the usual areas of bookselling is found the shop of Francis Edwards, whose catalogues have been known to every bookseller. Here are rare books one would be delighted to own, with such bookmen in charge as make browsing and buying a pleasure. Few subjects there are on which Mr. Edwards cannot produce the authoritative and right book, and few collectors there are, whether of sixteenth century firsts, old bindings, woodcuts of the '60's or what-not, that cannot find food for their pleasure on his shelves.

⁂ ⁂

We are happy to see in the announcement from the Harvard University Press that there is to be a book on Bruce Rogers this fall, which presumably will contain the text that was in Volume 4 of the Fleuron, just published, where Frederique Warde, one time student of typography under Mr. Rogers and now working with Morison in London, has written an enthusiastic tribute to this master printer and has produced many of his best title-pages and listed such books of Rogers as had the typographer's signature. Every bookstore is feeling a new interest in fine printing, and the books of Rogers and Updike are rapidly increasing in price. Even the Monotype Bulletin, that joyous piece of experimentation that Rogers did in 1923 for the Lanston Monotype Company, is now among the collectors' items, although 20,000 copies were printed and distributed.

⁂ ⁂

There is now another word necessary to the bookseller's glossary, if he would explain book titles to an inquisitive public, the word "Panchatantra," brought to American title-pages by the University of Chicago Press:

*One Vishnusharman, shrewdly gleaning*
*All worldly wisdom's inner meaning,*
*In these five books the charm compresses*
*Of all such books the world possesses.*

"Panchatantra," then, means five books, and, in a version full of pungent phrase, Professor Ryder of California has made available for lovers of old literature one of the source books of all literature, the Hindu book of wisdom. This famous but little known book, the distant source of even such American tales as those of "Uncle Remus," is interlarded with poems, which, unlike the long and unreadable poems of "Arabian Nights," are both incisive and diverting; as, for instance,

*Scholarship is less than sense;*
*Therefore seek intelligence.*
*For lost and dead and past*
*The wise have no laments:*
*Between the wise and fools*
*Is just this difference.*

This one for the book lover and others:

*In case of horse or book or sword,*
*Of woman, man or lute or word,*
*The use or usefulness depends*
*On qualities the user lends.*

If a generous lending is the characteristic of a great book as well as of a great man, this "Panchatantra" from the Sanskrit has been one of the most unselfish books of literature.

⁂ ⁂

Undoubtedly there is a fascination in bookselling that can exist to the same measure in no other kind of business. Any intimate relation with books is a pleasure, but in the retail selling of books there is the peculiar satisfaction of being the one to put the best product of all ages and of the present day into the hands of new owners and readers. All that one can know of literature or history or science is put to practical use in helping others, and all that one knows of human nature is a very direct aid in building business. Amen, we say.

P. E. G. QUERCUS.

⁂ ⁂

My neighbor to the south, Mr. Byrne Hackett of the Brick Row Shop is, I see by the *Publishers' Weekly*, taking a few taxi loads of his choice stock down to a Broad Street location, where he expects, I should judge, to trap a few wealthy brokers during their noon perambulations. I thought they never took noon hours. So they tell me when they come rambling along to the 50's late in the afternoon. I like these young American business men of the tall office buildings. They follow the trail of their enthusiasms far and wide. And they do read the books they buy.

# News

HAVING decided to bring out a new *Cross Word Puzzle Book* (Series 4)—ready October 15th, $1.35, we shall devote the rest of this column to some of our pencilless or non-equipped books.

* * *

WE are importing from England a number of copies of *The Art of the er by Stanley Morison.*

* * *

This is a more modest edition of the $60.00 opus brought out two years ago by *Mr. Morison* in England.

* * *

The new price is $7.50.

* * *

We shall send to readers of this column, with our compliments, a brochure describing this monumental work on types, layout, etc.

* * *

A FEW days ago we were discussing *Maxwell Anderson's* poetry with *Mrs. Mowbry Clark* of *The Brick Row Bookshop*. She said his *You Who Have Dreams* contains the finest lyric poetry ever written since *Swinburne's*.

* * *

So once more we turned to one of our favorites, *Prayer From the Cliff*—page 28 of *You Who Have Dreams:*

*Give me the drink of darkness*
*Blind me with night and sea;*
*Let the tall tides build upon me,*
*Covering me.*

*She I loved is dead—is lying*
*Inland, inland . . . .*
*Heap on me, deep sea waters,*
*Deep-sea sand.*

* * *

We recommend to all poetry lovers that they examine this book of *Anderson's* and also *Poems* by *Irwin Edman*. And to do so soon.

* * *

The thousand copies in each edition are being rapidly exhausted. Yesterday one of the New York bookstores ordered fifty copies of Edman's.

* * *

IN our Spring, 1926 list, we still have room for one or two novels—novels which we can publish with the same enthusiasm as, for instance, *Schnitzler's Fraulein Else* and *Franz Werfel's Verdi* which we are bringing out this Fall. Correspondence regarding The Great American Novel is invited by

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magnificance and an overwhelming lover. The object of his tornado-like pursuit is one Paula, who says him nay through three-quarters of the book and then cables him yea—too late. The ultimate happy ending, however, is subordinate in interest to the study of the gargantuan self-sufficiency and subtly imagined weakness of Pandolfo himself. Failure, rejection, bankruptcy, he can endure without a tremor; but at "the swift and tragic assertion of a magnanimity far exceeding his own," he crumbles. A flash like that shows a quality of discernment as great as a great novelist's. If he were not so cautious about exercising it, Mr. Locke might possibly write a great novel.

THE HOUSE OF MADAME TELLIER. By GUY DE MAUPASSANT. Translated by MARJORIE LAURIE. Brentano's. 1925. $2.50.

While the American edition of the works of Guy de Maupassant has now reached its fifteenth volume, the fifth volume of an edition translated in England appears. Miss Laurie's versions, on the whole, are competent, but they show no such distinction as to make this work of duplication seem necessary to American readers. These books are not only more expensive than the others, but they are badly printed. Moreover, they follow no principle of selection, whereas the other edition is based upon the definitive Conard text and, like it, follows the chronological order of Maupassant's works. The stories here collected under the title of "The House of Madame Tellier" are not all taken from the French volume of that name, so that the book resembles some of the old sets of Maupassant in its higgledy-piggledy juxtaposition of stories taken at random from different French volumes. The word "Madame" appears as "Madam" on the jacket and cover of the book, but the French form appears in the text. This imported edition of Maupassant further differs from its American rival in that it is bowdlerized. Altogether, one feels justified in regarding it as a work of supererogation, due largely to the hostility of English publishers to translations made in America. In the case of Maupassant this prejudice is revealed in all its force by the fact that both translators of the American edition are British subjects!

THURSDAY'S CHILD. By MARY WILTSHIRE. Dodd, Mead. 1925. $2.

An old rhyme tells that "Thursday's child has far to go," but the present example of those born on that day covers the greater portion of his life's journey too swiftly and brilliantly to be creditable. He is the illegitimate son of an English country girl and a young scion of nearby gentry, reared by his rustic grandparents until his eighteenth year when he departs from them to join the Army. Thereafter, the author assures us, his rise is phenomenal, spurred as he is by an insatiable craving to gain the heights. In the course of his headlong ascent to military eminence and renown, he passes through every rank to the attainment of an acting Lieutenant-General's command in the last year of the World War, at that time being still well under forty. One realizes that he is a remarkably fast and efficient worker, though how he manages it all we are left at a loss to explain. But the main thing is to cover him quickly with medals, glory, and authority, for anybody knows it's much pleasanter to have a youthful British General for a hero than a buck private or a "shavetail." Possibly we are unfair to cite these instances of the book's vagueness and omissions, for apart from them it is an exceptionally readable and satisfying novel.

KEPT. By ALEC WAUGH. Albert & Charles Boni. 1925. $2.

"Kept" is what, we suppose, should be called a "daringly true picture of today's life in a metropolis." More particularly it is the story of several more or less easy-going ladies and gentlemen who have "affairs." Things happen and nothing really happens. There are dinners, "tea-fights," night clubs, dances; ladies who permit gentlemen to pay for their keep and gentlemen who reverse the situation. Altogether, it is a very terrifying revelation. The lady whose name is Marjorie and who occupies a considerable part of the story, who having lost her husband by war and her baby by illness, is kept by one man, desires another, and out of the goodness of her heart is willing to give herself to a third unfortunately puritanical youth—this heroine is as sweet as seraphic, as gentle, and as serene as a Raphael madonna. Like the proverbial pebble, the stream of life serves only to make her more perfect, to round her and to smooth her. There are also portentous problems as to what dresses the ladies shall wear.

One closes Mr. Waugh's novel with the feeling that there can be only one thing more unstimulating than the evidently civilized doings of "high-society," be it English or otherwise, and that is a kaleidoscopic account of those same doings.

SYCAMORE BEND. By FRAZIER HUNT. Harcourt, Brace. 1925. $2.

Mr. Hunt's novel of Mid-West village life displays with graphic detail the usual gallery of inert yokels at their everlasting game of pitching horseshoes, following their round of petty domestic and commercial affairs, celebrating Fourth of July, Memorial Day, and Christmas, squabbling, "cutting up," complaining, being enthusiastic or dying. The collection, of whom most of the male members bear the honorary "Colonel" or "Doc," is noteworthy for its completeness, and for its fidelity to the stolid truths of small town human nature. Will Hadley, the leading character, owner and editor of the *Sentinel*, has been pining to escape from the stagnation of his environment for over twenty years. Finally, when close to forty, he takes the decisive step, sells his newspaper property, and migrates with his protesting wife and little son to New York. Within three years, though he has been moderately successful as a metropolitan journalist, the pace and grind have begun to break him, so back he goes, his ambition burned out forever, to the peace and sanity of God's country. The story is written with full justice to its theme and materials, which, being what they are, may inflict boredom upon readers who have had enough of Main Streets.

LIFE BEGINS TOMORROW. By GUIDO DA VERONA. Translated from the Italian by Isabel Grazebrook. Dutton. 1925.

This is a sultry romance by a popular Italian novelist which can hardly appeal to American readers of work of its kind and quality by American writers. Unsophisticated and uncritical as these devotees of second and third-rate romance are supposed to be, they would find the agony piled too high long before the author comes to his first climax with a cold-blooded murder. If this crime is committed with a certain *sang froid* and after due deliberation, it is, however, a crime of passion so far as motive is concerned. The passion that Da Verona describes, romantic as it may be in the eyes of Latin readers of novels of this sort, would appear very extravagant indeed to the typical American reader of romantic fiction. If this reader did not feel that the story from start to finish is factitious, and that its emotion is highly artificial, he would surely find its pitch very much too high.

THE HAVEN. By DALE COLLINS. Knopf. 1925. $2.50.

When Dale Collins's first novel, "Ordeal," appeared, there were references to Conrad, yet to create a vast background of physical truth and allow it to breathe forth, gently and almost reluctantly, its romance, would not seem to be Mr. Collins's way. In "The Haven" his method is the reverse; he establishes a most bizarre romantic situation and endeavors, by accumulating detail, to win for it a sort of reality. Mark Antoine, the handsomest man in the world, a young film star gorged with adulation and on the point of a physical collapse, flees to an uninhabited Pacific island. The sea-captain who is Antoine's only link with civilization, is so treacherous as to accept bribes from successive women and convey them to the island, and so careless as to allow his boat to explode. Antoine, marooned with five heterogeneous sirens, is angrily defiant; later a new relationship develops; the tinsel of ironic urbanity drops off; the prisoners become as humorless, as sensitive, as inarticulate, and as prudent as savages. Personal desires are sacrificed to the community's welfare; sex is suppressed to avoid a fatal jealousy.

Thus it is obvious that Mr. Collins does not need to draw his romance from

(*Continued on next Page*)


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"Oh! Monsieur—"

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# The New Books

## Fiction

(*Continued from preceding Page*)

sea or sky. There is plenty in his situation, even too much! The structure erected upon this uncertain base is, however, quite fair to see, and one reads on, astonished to feel a growing interest in the tiny social organism of the island captives; one is stirred by their calamities, and their artificialities are forgotten. It is not so much that Mr. Collins succeeds in writing away the patent absurdities of his romantic hypothesis. But, thanks to the terse eloquence of a rather breathless style, he generates an atmosphere in which anything is possible.

INVISIBLE WOUNDS. By FREDERICK PALMER. Dodd, Mead. 1925. $2.

If you can accord a full portion of reality to the pair of abnormals around whom Mr. Palmer has written his deliberately psychopathic tale, the story of their troubles works out true enough. Queer people exist in real life—why not in fiction? Party of the first part, a young woman turned loose in the modern world with an eighteenth century upbringing and no chaperone; reared in a sort of New England house of seven gables by a recluse father who tarries mentally in the era of Lafayette and Rochambeau, she is turned loose on the world an orphan with ten thousand a year. So she sets out for Paris all by herself, with the intention of seeing life, a thing of which in a vague way she suspects the existence. Party of the second part, a young man, heir to quite a crushing number of millions, has in a safe deposit box papers that terrify him; they relate to his paternity and the early life of his lamented mother. An infirm will drives him to run away from the papers and to forget his troubles, also in Paris.

When these two odd young persons meet in Montmartre, it is quite on the cards that they should fall in love and follow their inclination without stopping to sign any marriage register; likewise natural that the young man's purse-proud father and managing aunt should play on his weakness and credulity to call him off when at last he does seek the jeweler's for a wedding ring. As for dismissing the disappearing young man, a young woman of spirit might do that also, might even resolve to deny him forever a share in the son of their union, if she had ten thousand a year.

It takes eight years to bring the estranged pair to harmony and matrimony. The war intervenes, and Mr. Palmer turns to good use his familiarity with ambulances and dressing stations. The errant young man at least does not run away from the enemy. In the end, and most appropriately, it takes the services of a skilled psychiatrist to bring the pair together. For a young man with a strong natural bent for running away from his troubles and banishing them from his consciousness, eight years is perhaps a long time to remember and to desire.

THE TREASURE. By SELMA LAGERLOF. Translated from the Swedish by ARTHUR G. CHATER. Doubleday, Page. 1925. $2.

This is the sixteenth volume by Selma Lagerlöf to bear the imprint of her American publisher, and one does not have to be hardy to predict for it a cordial welcome despite the fact that it is rather badly translated. For Fröken Lagerlöf has done in "The Treasure" what she has come to be rightly noted for: she has told a convincing tale that can be most succinctly described as real unrealism. Few of the incidents of this narrative could have happened, a fact, however, that remains completely submerged until, having read the story, one lays aside it and engages in an attempt to rationalize it. Then it becomes clear that we have read a modernized saga from sixteenth century Sweden when the Reformation decreed the deportation of the Roman priests on the condition, that if their lives were to be spared, they hand over such treasures, in the way of legal tender, as their profession of faith had made it legitimate to hoard up. Into this tale of fewer than 30,000 words Selma Lagerlöf has injected a problem as profound, really, as is contained in the average Greek tragedy of 1500 words: what can a little girl do but make the supreme sacrifice if her sole hope on earth is a man who should be shot?

THE BLACK MAGICIAN. By R. T. M. SCOTT. Dutton. 1925. $2.

Aurelius (Secret Service) Smith, whose exploits in apprehending criminals have elsewhere won him international fame, is here pitted against his most fearful foe, the 400 year old Jerome Cardan, superhypnotist, dread necromancer, master of black art, wizard of Oriental magic, in a prolonged fight to a finish. There are intense moments when the conflict draws perilously close to disaster for the wily Smith, who like the Pathe News sees all and knows all, but in the end victory rewards him and the prison gates open to his enemy. But stay, Cardan, though wounded and captive, is far from dead, so within the next year we expect to hear of his escape and of his seeking out the intrepid Smith for a renewal of the struggle.

THE RELUCTANT DUCHESS. By ALICE DUER MILLER. Dodd, Mead. 1925. $1.75.

Here is a love story about a seventeen-year-old heiress who is sought in marriage by a personable, youthful, and not completely impoverished British Duke. The dear child really loves him, almost at sight, but when she discovers that the match has been planned and launched by her parents and the suitor before the pair have ever met, her pride is hurt. She just won't have him. But of course, in the end, she does, and we know that they will be happy. There isn't enough substance here to provide even a third rate movie scenario. It is disappointing that Mrs. Miller, who has unquestionable ability as a novelist, should descend to the boiling of such stale, thin tripe.

CAPTAIN SALVATION. By FREDERICK WILLIAM WALLACE. Minton, Balch. 1925. $2.

The undeniable dramatic power to which Mr. Wallace's sea romance rises when at its best is all but lost amid the alien mass of exaggerated, wildly unrestrained ravings incessantly uttered by the hero while defying the Will of God. Anson Campbell is a ruthlessly egoistic sea captain, imbued with Nietzschean ideals of personal omnipotence, enslaved by savage sensuality, the love of women and drink, which in the end claims its inevitable toll before he awakens to the need of regeneration. The dozen years of his Odyssey cover his rise from an able seaman of twenty to his attainment of a merchant master's command and the ownership of his sailing vessel, innumerable adventures in amorous dissipations, shipwreck, mutiny, gory combat, till finally comes his submission to simple, purifying peace.

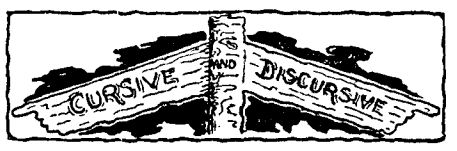
Anson's real figure is obscured by the dense fogs of his materialistic creeds, his disordered erudition, his shrieking frenzies of self-assertion, and the brutally unnatural ferocity with which he subjects others to his tyranny. There was distinct promise in the earlier stages of the book that Anson might develop into a convincing human likeness, but as the tale progresses he is gradually distorted into a bestial caricature, repellent and grotesque beyond reason.

A LADY OF NEW ORLEANS. By EDWINA LEVIN MACDONALD. Macaulay. 1925. $2.

Miss MacDonald's novel is a crude and weepy variation of "She Loved Too Well," told in the first person so that the heroine may unfold, directly and in full, her cruel, but deserved trials, to readers who may possibly be interested. The strayed one suffers continuously from violent sexual hysterics, easing her pains by pouring forth a deluge of lachrymose moralizing, despairing appeals to God, maudlin self-reproaches, and belated regrets. In howling for our sympathy, however, she is at the disadvantage of having, wilfully and without a single mitigating circumstance, been responsible for her initial misstep and her ensuing difficulties.

THE HEART OF SALOME. By ALLEN RAYMOND. Small, Maynard. 1925. $2.

It is probable that Mr. Raymond's book was written with no intention of "making comical," yet we are in his debt for many a hearty chuckle. We are sorry we laughed, but there are certain types of bad writing which always affect us that way. His modern Salome, despite her fearful ravages of the male sex, is reminiscent of Topsy's: "I'se so wicked." The narrative in which she serves as principal is a concoction of sissified, hyperbolic trash whose appropriate place is the serial columns of the *Daily News*. This is Mr. Raymond's first novel; he should train long and improve tremendously before he publishes another.




THIS is the day of Paper Faces, and we feel that there are entirely too many Paper Faces. It has become a strange and artificial era.

We don't mind human faces, even the most weird and badly put-together human faces. The more odd they are, the more we like to study them, over the top of our newspaper or out of the corner of our eye. Human faces are usually netted or seamed by experience, pinched and patted into interesting contours by disaster and happiness. You can read a great many things in any human face, things that are worth reading and pondering.

What we object to are all these Paper Faces. To any reader of periodicals—and are we not all readers of periodicals nowadays—they must eventually become a sort of a nightmare. We don't mean just the faces of Famous People. Of course, it stands to reason that the face of the President of the United States and the face of the Prince of Wales ambush you in every Graphic supplement and leap at you many times a day from newsprint and calendared stock. We object a lot more to "The Man You Can Equal," to "Miss South Saugatuck," to the face of the uninteresting person who declaims in large headlines, "I Made One Dollar Do the Work of Two," or the girl in the "Stenos of Prominent Businessmen" series. We have got long past inveighing against the pretty-girl faces on the magazine covers. The pretty-girl face has, we are convinced, come to stay. It has held on now, as the best magazine cover bet, for a sufficient number of years to prove that contention. *Why* it is the best bet we still do not know, but at last we recognize that it is.

But to return to "The Man You Can Equal" and "Miss Saugatuck" and "I Made One Dollar, etc." In the first place, we aren't interested in equalling that man, or even approximating him. What did he do? He took a certain correspondence course and thereby hopped his salary from twenty five hundred to five thousand a year,—or he sold so many copies of The Magazine with A Million,—or perhaps he only used a certain shaving stick or prevented tooth decay below the gum line. "Miss South Saugatuck," of course, won a Beauty Contest, by exactly parallelling a set of, after all, arbitrary measurements of the woman form divine. And the person who did with one dollar what you could hardly do with two,—well, we see no reason for raptly gazing upon the large, almost life-size presentment of him—or her—that grins staringly at us from a full magazine page.

All these Paper Faces are meant to arrest us, haunt us, shame us, encourage us, stir us to tremendous deeds or make us sorry we aren't nearly so successful as they are. Then there are, of course, the thousand and one Paper Faces of Great Authors, Great Movie People, Great Self-made People, Great Confessionists, Great Managers of Vacuum Cleaners, Furnaces, Oven Heat Regulators, Great Cigarette Smokers, Great Perfume Users, and so on, and so on. And most of these faces are smiling or simply looking noble and efficient in a superior fashion that we find intensely aggravating.

We cannot escape these great Paper Faces. If we give up reading and simply look out of a train window or around us in the street, they accost us in even larger proportions from a myriad hoardings and sign-boards. Sometimes the more than lifesize men portraits point accusing fingers at us. Sometimes both men and women stare out of a shop window, done in oil, with actual Sitright Spectacles on their haughty noses. Always these faces lift above the latest clothes or frocks, the men always sport immaculate stiff white collars. Their ties are always tied just right. Their chins are aggressive and their brows bend with latent power. The ladies are always intensely earnest or intensely sweet looking. Sometimes they combine both qualities. Great Big Faces, Facing Forty, or Forgetting Sixty, or Robust at Seventy or Right After a Career at Twenty! And half of the names we read under them we never heard of before and never will again. For a little period they dominate a single page, smile their sweetest, look their most earnest, stick their chins out as far as they can, clasp their faces in every possible grip known to the human hand. They are exemplars, avatars, shining examples. We can't duck them! And consequently we have grown to hate them.

Not that we should hate nine out of ten of these people in real life. Four-fifths of them we should probably find nothing in common with, but the remaining fifth might easily become pleasant acquaintances. They probably wouldn't be bad at all, as human beings. But as they shine from the magazine pages, toiling earnestly, laughing happily, brooding somberly, looking up brightly—they, frankly, give us the pip! And sometimes, when we see a friend's face thus displayed, we are inclined to exclaim, "Aw, Ed, come out of it! We know all about *you!*"

Yet how the General Public seems to dote upon these great Paper Faces. They pore over them as though they were reading in them Plutarch's Lives, as though they were gazing upon the truly great of the earth. The minute anyone does anything a little out of the ordinary, it seems to us, his or her face is immediately reproduced as large as the page will hold and enters the Paper Face Pantheon with new radiance.

The point is, these Paper Faces aren't the Real People. The real people are probably not one millionth as ostentatious as their pictures would make them appear. *They* really don't care about proving to you that they have better teeth or a better digestion or a bigger salary or slicker hair or a profounder experience of life than you have yourself. In a way they are the victims of our great age of Publicity. And when they tell us all about how they care for their skin and how many cakes of yeast they eat before breakfast they don't actually mean to be as offensive as they appear. They probably would have been perfectly contented to go ahead in privacy taking a picture of baby in his bathing suit with their Special Shutter Kodak if some Publicity Manager hadn't stalked them as an excellent ad.

Nevertheless, I'm sorry to say that these Paper Faces continue to give me a pain. They seem at present an ineradicable feature of all periodicals. And I can't give up reading periodicals now, because I have become an addict. So there I am! I suffer.

W. R. B.

GREEN BUSH. By JOHN T. FREDERICK. Knopf. 1925. $2.50.

A good half of "Druida," Mr. Frederick's first novel, suggested "My Antonia" without imitating it; and in spite of his inequalities of narrative Mr. Frederick gave promise of being far richer in creative power than the mass of prairie novelists. In "Green Bush" he does not belie that promise, but he does not entirely confirm it. It has good things in it, but it has ineffective things also.

"Green Bush" is definitely a novel of the soil. Its scene is Michigan, near Lake Huron; its hero, Frank Thompson, is the son of a small-town editor who loves farming. Frank himself is an Ann Arbor graduate whose mother wishes him to advance in a larger world than that of Green Bush; but he comes to love the soil, marries a farmer's daughter, and with the money he inherits from his parents, buys a farm and starts in to work it. The farm comes within a notch of crippling him physically for life; but in spite of its harshness and of the offer he receives to teach at Ann Arbor, he holds firm to his acres.

Just how far Mr. Frederick's own feelings for the life of the soil are represented in Frank Thompson's, and how far they exist in Frank as an objective creation, one cannot precisely judge; but that this elevation of rural life is the theme of the book is certified by the didactic insistence with which the author drives it home. It fights its way to the top above all the counter-arguments which Mr. Frederick is wise enough to present. And it is this very emphasis which makes the emotion somewhat ineffective; it becomes too palpable and external. The atmosphere, the beauty, the noblity of the soil come to us more validly when they

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# The New Books

## Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

come more subtly, as in "My Antonia." One cannot find Mr. Frederick's feeling or his realism at fault; the imperfection in "Green Bush" is an artistic one. This same limited artistry gives us good description rather than poetry, and on occasion, narrative which is slightly colorless and amateur. Frank Thompson is by no means the equal of Druida; he lives, but with not enough variety and alteration of mood to live fully. His mother, however, is an excellent portrait; and had Mr. Frederick done more with him than to involve him in a melodramatic episode, his father-in-law might have been equally excellent.

But these weaknesses do not rob the book of interest and vigor. Mr. Frederick has created something powerful and occasionally beautiful; he has further created a novel of the soil which falls on the positive rather than the negative side, glorifying as it does the farmer's life instead of concentrating upon its stupidity and barrenness and dullness. A mingled touch of the pathetic and the heroic, at the end, leaves Frank not without distinction. Once again we must wait for a really fine novel by Mr. Frederick; but once again we can wait for it with confidence.

THE CASTLE OF OTRANTO AND THE MYSTERIOUS MONSTER. By *Horace Walpole*. Edited by *Montague Sommers*. Houghton Mifflin. $12.50.
SKOOKUM CHUCK. By *Stewart Edward White*. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.
PIGS IS PIGS. By *Ellis Park Butler*. Doubleday, Page. $1 net.
FIVE ORIENTAL TALES. By *Comte de Gobineau*. Viking Press. $2.50 net.
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THE WOOINGS OF JEZEBEL PETTYFER. By *Haldan Macfall*. Knopf. $3 net.
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WINNERS AND LOSERS. By *Alice Hagan Rice and Cale Young Rice*. Century. $2.
ANDREW BRIDE OF PARIS. By *Henry Lydnor Harrison*. Houghton Mifflin. $2.

(*Continued on next page*)

# The Reader's Guide

Conducted by MAY LAMBERTON BECKER

*Questions in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to* MRS. BECKER, *c/o The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION

By Padraic Colum. Translated by Arthur W. Ryder. (University of Chicago Press.)

LEAVES FROM A WAR DIARY. By James G. Harbord. (Dodd, Mead.)

TROY PARK. By Edith Sitwell. (Knopf.)

*S. S. C., New York, asks for "a body of instruction for young writers who are inexperienced in preparing manuscript for the printer": she has already "Text, Type and Style," by George B. Ives, Manly's "Manual for Writers," Holliday's "Business of Writing," and Vizetelly's "Preparation of Manuscript for the Printer."*

SINCE this letter arrived, I printed a reply to a letter much like it, naming books; since then, however, a new one has been added to the list by the University of Chicago Press. This is a new edition, completely rewritten, of their "Manual of Style," which has been an authority for twenty years. It is for printers, editors, proofreaders, and advertisers, or anyone who has to do with the making of books.

*R. M. K., Stamford, Conn., asks for novels with the scene laid on the Maine coast, especially the region north of Portland, and asks if Henry Milner Rideout has not developed this field.*

"THE WINTER BELL," by Henry Milner Rideout, (Duffield), brings the reader into the Maine woods in winter: it is one of the murder stories that I remember, probably because the interest is deeper than the solution of a problem, being in the state of mind of the unjustly accused. His "Beached Keels" (Houghton Mifflin) is three stories of the shore life of sailors on the Northeast coast. In Holman Day's "The Skipper and the Skipped" (Harper) a retired sailor tries shore life in a Maine village, his "King Spruce" (Harper) is about the timber regions of the State. Sara Orne Jewett's "Country of the Pointed Firs" (Houghton Mifflin) is a classic of Maine seacoast literature. "Vesty of the Basins," Sarah Pratt McLean's story of the Maine coast (Harper) did not make such a commotion as her famous "Cape Cod Folks," which was so accurate that it made her extremely unpopular, but is said to have good local color.

*N. H. R., Mississippi, asks for books on Peru besides those named in the section given to this country in the H. W. Wilson study outline of South America.*

THE most recent book, so far as I know, and surely the most gorgeous, is "Bird Islands of Peru," by Robert Cushman Murphy (Putnam). This is the report of a naturalist sent to study the birds that produce guano, accurate as such a document must be, but brilliant in its descriptions and abounding in humor—altogether a delightful volume for anyone who must do his exploring vicariously. "Peru," by E. C. H. Vivian (Appleton), is one of a series on South American countries intended for business men. The travel books of that inveterate tramp, Harry A. Franck, are always good for pictures of customs and conditions: in his "Vagabonding Down the Andes" (Century) and "Working North From Patagonia" (Century) he covers all South America. The American Museum of Natural History publishes a ten-cent pamphlet on "Peruvian art as shown on textiles and pottery," but I do not know where this inquirer can get the information she asks on contemporary Peruvian artists.

WHEN I left New York it was with a commission to purchase a book, if one could anywhere be found, on the wall-covering known as *toile de Jouy*. I have pursued it through the bookshops of two countries and none can I find. It is not in "Historic Wallpapers," by Nancy McClelland (Lippincott), which I marvelled at for its beauty and thoroughness when I saw it in Batsford's, where books on art are most likely to be found in England. I do not recall it in Phyllis Ackerman's "Wallpaper" (Stokes), the first book to appear on the subject in English, and for many years the only one in the field: this also is illustrated. If anyone can tell me where to look for a book that tells more about these charming designs, I shall be very glad.

*G. H. E., Philadelphia, Pa., asks for novels about the old days of steamboating on the Mississippi, "like Mark Twain's great book."*

"PARTNERS OF PROVIDENCE," by Charles David Stewart (Houghton Mifflin), is a humorous account of steamboating on the Missouri and Mississippi. The most exciting chapters of Thomas Boyd's "The Dark Cloud" (Scribner) are those that take his boy-hero down the river; this book is one that I believe anyone interested in the problems of adolescence should read. The cloud in question is the heavy shadow of self-consciousness and self-distrust that rolls away as he grows up—indeed its rolling away is the sign that he has grown up.

*C. C., Wheeling, W. Va., asks who publishes the "Scott Library" mentioned by John Cowper Powys in his "100 Best Books."*

THE small red volumes of "The Scott Library" were originally published by Walter Scott of Paternoster Row at one shilling and sixpence, though on the bookstalls where one generally looks for them they go for one and six. This inquiry gave me an excuse for yet another prowl along Charing Cross Road, where I found, in No. 71 of this series, a book of selections from *The Athenian Mercury*, one copy of which (an original) has been for months my cherished possession. For this was a magazine published in the seventeenth century for the purpose of answering any questions that the public might ask, and the copy I have has one so much like those addressed to the Guide that it was like coming upon the portrait of an unsuspected ancestor. This volume in the Scott Library, called "The Athenian Oracle," covers even more points than the "Reader's Guide Book," for not the least interesting answers are those relating to seventeenth century love-affairs, superstitions, and popular science. The series goes from Aristotle to Longfellow and has some titles I have not elsewhere found in popular editions, but as a whole it does

(*Continued on last page*)

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# Points of View

## Rolland's "Summer"

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

After M. A. Hamon's letter which appeared in your issue for July 18 it is quite unnecessary to express any views as to the merit of Mr. Ernest Boyd's criticism, but the importance of "L'Ame Enchantée" is such that a few words should be said in its defense. That any work of M. Romain Rolland's should be reviewed in such a comtemptible and contemptuous manner, in a country where we are in no wise concerned with the refined partisan taste of contemporary French critics, surpasses human understanding.

The two volumes of "L'Ame Enchantée" that have already appeared do much more than evoke a comparison with "Jean Christophe." One is the study of a man, the other of a woman; both are characterized through their reactions to the same civilization, and in each the protagonist is carried through complex experiences in the diffuse manner of that kind of fiction. The new novel suggests the former on every page, and if it is finished as bravely as it is begun it may very well prove superior to "Jean Christophe." For if the final volumes of this work never appear, Rolland has already created a woman who stands beside Anna Karénina or Becky Sharp. Great feminine characterizations are extremely rare in prose fiction, and by virtue of that fact the very conception of the work in question is in itself more ambitious than that of "Jean Christophe."

How anyone could reach the conclusion that Annette is a mere feminist and sensualist transcends imagination. She is of all things spiritual, and she lives a life of comparative chastity. She suffers even from an incapacity to enjoy physical pleasure to the full.

This is, of course, no attempt on my part hastily to review a book that deserves the profound attention of everyone who enjoys sincere delight in substantial literature. Such people will probably find it and be moved by it without prompting. Such people are probably well aware that the gentlemen who pass for critics in contemporary America are almost invariably insensitive to literature of permanent value.

GORDON KING.

## For Love of the King

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

Mr. Stuart Mason shows no little forbearance as regards "For Love of the King," that more than doubtful Wilde item whose authenticity he questions in your issue of August 1. Were I Mr. Mason, exhaustive bibliographer of Oscariana, I would politely insist on the production of Wilde's letter of Nov. 27, 1894, the letter which accompanied this "Burmese Masque."

Without going so far as to assert that Wilde was absent from London on the date that this letter is ascribed to Tite Street, I do not hesitate to suggest that he was incapable of writing some of the sentences it contains, for example, "I hope that I have caught the atmosphere (of Burmah)?" As well look for Salome in a nunnery as for Wilde in so hodden a mood of humility. Bits of this letter are Wildeish but, taken as a whole, the thing is flagrantly un-Wildean, as much so as the facsimile notes attributed to him by Mr. J. M. Stuart-Young in "Osrac, the Self-Sufficient." all of which are well-recognized fakes. Today Wilde is forged for the manuscript market almost as sedulously as he is imitated for the book market, but not as neatly as he was once parodied for *Punch*.

Though not in the confidence of the late Robert Ross, as Mr. Mason was, I corresponded with him sufficiently to be certain that his knowledge of any such find as "For Love of the King" would have been passed on to Mr. Mason. The latter, as he says, has examined hundreds of Wilde MSS. More accurately, he is familiar with every original and draft accessible to him through the courtesy of Mr. Ross and Wilde collectors. If Mr. Mason says that the MS. corrections of the "Burmese Masque" are not in Wilde's autograph, they are not.

Wilde's writing and style were both as idiosyncratic as the man himself. I speak from first-hand experience, having had in my hands no few Wilde MSS and dozens of his letters, many of which I owned for several years. Not one of these could have emanated from any one but Wilde and only three of the letters bore a complete date. These were business communications. Wilde shrank fom the use of dates, numerals, as if anticipating C. 3. 3.

But, returning to this Burmese Masque which appeared in *The Century Magazine* for December, 1921, it is an astonishing affair; dubious and diverting even to the editor of *The Century*, it seems. Upon reading it, I remarked: "If this was written by Wilde, its decorations are by Beardsley." This was unfair perhaps to Mr. W. T. Benda whose drawings are full of interest though his subject-matter, as literature, is uninspiring. Wilde, who admired acrobats as well as puppets, would never have been guilty of so uneloquent a pantomine. He frequently brazed his gold where others gild their brass, but finials of lead never adorned his temples. A Pagoda of Golden Flowers would have been the last spot in the world to have made him sluggish as moat-water.

Mr. Stuart backs his doubts with documentary evidence and the absence of corroborative proof. What he might have stressed is the fact that Wilde, versatile as he was, remained Wilde invariably. This masque, attributed to him, could not even at his whim or by act of will have maintained consistently a level of banality so foreign to his turn of mind and phrase. For instance, "the indescribable scent of Burmah steals across the foot lights" could never have issued from a playwright with his love of the exotic. As for "poinsettias punctuate points of deepest color," this is a formula of the post-war *vers librists*, not from the mind that conceived:

*Your eyes are like fantastic moons that shiver in some stagnant lake.*

Though numerous Wilde's sources and several his manners, the Oscarian touch is as unmistakable as that, in paintings, of Gustav Moreau or Boutet de Monvel, whatever their subject or medium.

Assuredly some practical joker has taken advantage of Mrs. Mabel Cosgrove Chan Toon Wodehouse-Pearse. I hazard the theory that the jester should be the author of "Things I Shouldn't Tell," who recently has made known that Wilde paid a young student named Pelissier 5000 francs for turning his "Salomé" into French. This is very interesting. Just how Wilde scraped together such a large sum in those days and how he managed to voice some of his best prose poems in French or to converse fluently with more than one Parisian *lettré* may be another matter, but it is not beside the mark to enquire why the French poet Stuart Merrill found fault with the colloquialisms of Pelissier and whether Adolphe Retté, Pierre Louys, and Marcel Schwob all invented or dreamed their connection with the French of the play.

Perhaps the anonymous author of "Things I Shouldn't Tell" planted "For Love of a King" on the now Mrs. Wodehouse-Pearse, not to mention on the about to be Arlenized public, to prove that if Wilde wrote the Burmese Masque he could not possibly have written "Salomé" in any form. It is certain, at any rate, that he could not have been the author of both that play and this pantomine.

RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER.
St. George's, Bermuda.

## William H. Carruth

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
SIR:

My attention is called to your issue of August 22, and its pitifully false reports about William Herbert Carruth and his poem "Each In His Own Tongue." Will you be so good as to allow me to tell the truth?—not bringing up the question whether from the days of Plato and his talk about poetry and poets to the days of Amy Lowell and her talk about poetry and poets, the poem is a good poem, or a bad poem, or no poem at all.

Mr. Carruth was professor of German language and literature in the University of Kansas. The setting of the University of Kansas is of rare beauty. Perhaps the scene of an autumn day is reflected in the verses to which your paper refers. Rumor had it that, as a whole, the poem flashed upon the author one hour when he was at his duties on the campus.

He offered it to various periodicals. *The New England Magazine* finally published it. At once it went round the world. It was copied in Bombay, in Hong-Kong. It was quoted approvingly in sermons—in Westminster Abbey; in Trinity Church, New York. A distorted version labeled "From the Russian" I saw in a remote country newspaper. The poem is now included in American anthologies, and it forms the initial verse in a volume by Mr. Carruth published by the Putnams in 1909. The author received letters from many countries telling of delight the writers had in his verses. Probably it has been more often quoted than any poem published during the last half century.

Mr. Carruth never lost "a university or school-teaching job." The poem never brought him a hint of loss of his "job." The University of Kansas has taught evolution more than fifty years, and graduates who have become writers of scientific books and studies—for example, Vernon Kellogg, Edward Curtis Franklin, Clarence Erwin McClung, Edwin Emery Slosson, William Suddards Franklin, Elmer Verner McCollum—have carried evolution's teachings far. In fact, the non-scientific books of graduates—as my own—have always been instinct with evolution's teachings.

Mr. Carruth's many years at the University of Kansas were replete with honors and the esteem of every one who recognized his old American, granitic character, his sturdy moral force, his love of truth and his winning personality. After repeated invitations he accepted the chair of Comparative Literatures at Stanford University, and there last December he died.

KATE STEPHENS.
New York.

# The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

## Miscellaneous

THE MILITARY SIDE OF JAPANESE LIFE. By CAPTAIN M. D. KENNEDY. Houghton Mifflin. 1925. $5.

A melancholy strain runs through this whole narrative. Captain Kennedy is unconsciously touched by the ardor and the arduousness of the life of the Japanese soldier. As a British "Language Officer" attached to the Japanese Army in accordance with the arrangement under the former Anglo-Japanese Alliance, Captain Kennedy spent three years in Japan, living the abstemious life of the Japanese conscript soldier. He now tells us the story just as it occurred, doubtless from notes he had made daily in action, along with the defenders of Nippon. And therein lies its virtues. Kennedy might easily have satisfied the specialists and the alarmists who see life as one great "Treaty" or "Document" or set of "Diplomatic Correspondence." He might have generalized so that only specialists could resolve his generalizations after their own fashion and faith. Instead he tells a very simple story, but a story that is colored by the poor, monk-like, rigorous training that has given Japan such wide repute for military prowess. The first thing that will occur to the mind of him who picks up this book will be: The menace of Japan. Yet he will come away convinced that Japan is no military menace, for the Japanese army is imbued with no *Kaiserliche* aspirations. The Japanese soldier like the Japanese policeman finds life altogether too strenuous to indulge in day-dreams. But, after reading this story, and putting it up against the other side of Japanese life—the pressure of population, the poverty, the bureaucratic expansionist ambitions of official Japan—then one will come to realize that in desperation Japan could bring forward a force in that Army that would more than give a good account of itself.

ANCIENT HUNTERS AND THEIR MODERN REPRESENTATIVES. By W. J. SOLLAS. Third Edition Revised. Macmillan. 1925.

Those who have read the first (1911) and second (1915) editions of "Ancient Hunters" have another treat in store for them in the third edition. The plan of the work remains the same except for minor details. The number of the chapters and their headings are identical with the exception of Chapter V, the title of which has been changed from "The Most Ancient Hunters" to "Lower Paleolithic, Chellean and Acheulian Ages"; to this Chapter, the discussion of Piltdown Man and Heidelberg Man has been transferred from Chapter II. At the end of the last chapter, there has been added a chronological table, not found in the previous edition.

The chapters have been expanded largely through the addition of new material; so that the reader now has a volume of 689 pages and 368 illustrations in comparison with the 591 pages and 314 illustrations of the second edition. In a perusal of the pages, one notes evidences of revision as well as expansion. For example his attitude on the subject of eoliths has undergone a change. Sollas now accepts the chipped flints from the Upper Miocene of Cantal and the Upper Pliocene of East Anglia as the work of an intelligent being.

Depéret's theories regarding strand-line correlations with glacial phenomena are accepted, which will please some critics and displease others. It will be recalled that Depéret's nomenclature for the old shore lines beginning with the highest are: Sicilian (90 meters), Milazzian (60m.), Tyrrhenian (30 m.), and Monastirian (20 m.). Sollas would refer *Pithecanthropus* to the Lower Sicilian, *Eoanthropus* to the Lower Tyrrhenian, and Neandertal man to the Lower Monastirian. It is evident therefore that the author has not suppressed his personal opinions on controverted questions; granting that some of these may be wrong, there is much in the book to commend.

A GREEK-ENGLISH LEXICON, LIDDELL AND SCOTT. New Edition by HENRY STUART JONES with the assistance of RODERICK MCKENZIE. Part I. Oxford University Press. 1925.

This famous standard dictionary has long been in need of revision on account of the advances made in the knowledge of Greek both from the discovery of new texts and from the re-examination of old ones. The Oxford University Press, with a laudable generosity has undertaken to publish this work, which will inevitably be a great financial burden, and Dr. Jones, assisted by many scholars, mostly but not exclusively British, has assumed the still more onorous responsibility of editing it. It will appear in ten parts, of which the first is just completed. The large body of new material is somewhat offset by the omission of the scanty Byzantine and Patristic matter of former editions, and by a condensation in printing, which is a little inconvenient, but which was doubtless necessary. The great value of the work needs no comment, but it is to be hoped that we shall some day have a dictionary that contains more words than the old intermediate without assuming the proportions of this weighty lexicon: a dictionary devised to meet the ordinary requirements of scholars. The work before us may be subscribed for at ten shillings and sixpence for each part, or at four guineas for the whole work. The publishers modestly suggest that they would be grateful for any contributions which lovers of Greek might make toward financing the work, and it is to be hoped that their loyalty to the cause of scholarship will be met by an equally generous response.

KNOWLEDGE AND VIRTUE: The Hulsean Lectures for 1920-21. By P. N. WAGGETT. Oxford University Press, 1924. $4.20.

The lecturer believes that religion is the cure for the disappointing conditions of the world after the war. The ineffectiveness of religion is due to want of knowledge or light. His own knowledge and culture are observable on every page. Their effectiveness in his own life need not be doubted. But the effectiveness of the Lectures for the purpose in view is subject to serious doubt. Even devout Platonists might give up the hope of world redemption by added light if Dr. Waggett's meditations were the only tract for the times. They are perhaps fitted to the cultured leisure of Oxford, but will find few outside to join the author in his meditative saunterings under classic shades.

OUR NAVAL HERITAGE. By *Fitzhugh Green*. Century. $4.

INCREASING PERSONAL EFFICIENCY. By *Donald A. Laird*. Harpers. $3.

ALMOST HUMAN. By *Robert W. Yerkes*. Century. $3.

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# The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK [illegible]

### LAMB'S VIEW OF HIMSELF

BARNET J. BEYER, head of Barnet J. Beyer, Inc., has returned from England with some very remarkable Keats, Lamb, and Blake autographic material. Charles Lamb's personal estimate of his own life, writings, and personality said to be hitherto unpublished, is an item of great interest. Lamb's view of himself is as follows:

"Charles Lamb, born in the Inner Temple, 10 Feb. 1775, educated in Christ's Hospital, afterwards a Clerk in the Accountant's Office, East India House, pensioned off from that service 1825 after 33 years service, is now a gentleman at large, can remember few specialities in his life worth noting, except that he once caught a swallow flying (*teste sua manu*); below the middle stature; cast of face slightly Jewish, with no Judaic tinge in his complexional religion; stammers abominably, and is therefore more apt to discharge his occasional conversation in a quaint aphorism, or a poor quibble, than in set and edifying speeches; has consequently been libelled as a person always aiming at wit, which as he told a dull fellow that charges him with it, is at least as good as aiming at dullness; a small eater but not drinker, confesses a partiality for the product of the Juniper Berry; was a fiercer smoker of Tobacco, but may be resembled to a volcano burnt out, emitting only now and then a casual puff. Has been guilty of obtruding upon the Public a Tale in Prose called Rosamund Gray, a Dramatic Sketch named John Woodvil, a Farewell Ode to Tobacco, with sundry other poems and light prose matter, collected in two slight crown octavos and pompously christen'd his works, tho' in fact they were his Recreations, and his true works may be found on the shelves of Leaden Hall Street, filling some hundred Folios. He is also the true Elia, whose Essays are extant in a little volume, published a year or two since; and rather better known from that name without a meaning, than from anything he has done, or can hope to do, in his own. He also was the first to draw the Public Attention to the Old English Dramatists in a work called Specimens of English [illegible] About the time [illegible] qualified about fifteen [illegible] short of his merits and [illegible] could take to the [illegible] book, and then [illegible] He died * 18 * much [illegible] Archbcty. *Please fill [illegible] Blanks. Witness his Hand, Charles Lamb, 10th Apr. 1827.

### "KNIGHTS OF THE HORSESHOE"

WE HAVE had several inquiries in regard to an old Virginia story or novel, "The Knights of the Horse-Shoe," by Dr. W. A. Caruthers, a book which we do not remember ever to have seen. Its full title is "The Knights of the Horse-Shoe; a Traditionary Tale of the Cocked Hat Gentry in the Old Dominion." It is said to have been written by the author of "The Cavaliers of Virginia," and printed and published at Wetumpka, Alabama, by Charles Yancey in 1845. There have been several reprints, one we believe by Harper & Brothers. It is now out of print and very hard to find in any edition. J. H. Whitty, of Richmond, Virginia, author of a "Biography of Edgar Allan Poe," says that he has never seen or heard of more than three copies of the first edition, and regards it as rare as Poe's "Tamerlane." A copy is said to have sold at auction in this city last year for $37.50, which cost its consignor $100. Mr. Whitty was fortunate enough to have discovered a fine copy in its original paper covers recently and he describes it as a small octavo of 248 pages. We have not yet seen a bookseller who has owned or examined a copy.

### BOOKS ON ARMS AND ARMOR

AN ANNOUNCEMENT has just been made by the authorities of the Metropolitan Museum of Art of the receipt of more than 400 books on arms and armor, including text books of the sixteenth century fencing masters and ancient tournament books with colored plates, with the library which the late William H. Riggs formed while making his well known armor collection. This library supplements the great Riggs armor collection and gives the Metropolitan Museum of Art possession of a literature on armor which is one of the finest in the world, ranking with that of the National Arts Library in London. There are many rare old volumes, among them "History of Goetz von Berlichingen," the robber knight, whose autobiography furnished the original materials of Goethe's drama. Other interesting volumes include the classical works of Hewitt, Merrick, and Stothard and a number of sixteenth and seventeenth century books on tournament, horse equipment, and fencing. The collection includes a German edition, issued in 1603, of a folio volume illustrating the most important suits in the armor collection of the Archduke Ferdinand, Count of the Tyrol, said to be the greatest armor collector of all time. Other early fencing volumes are illustrated with early woodcuts and copperplates, some of which are excessively rare, especially in the fine condition in which they are found here.

### WHITMAN EXHIBITION

A COLLECTION of Walt Whitman manuscripts, first editions, and mementoes, the property of private collectors and New York Public Library, will be displayed in the large exhibition room of the library beginning November 1st and continuing several months. Arrangements for this exhibition have been completed by the Walt Whitman Memorial Committee, and it is said that the selections will include the most interesting Whitmaniana in existence, and that it will be exhibited under the best possible conditions. Collectors who have offered material are Henry Goldsmith, Frank I. Fletcher, Milton Einstein, Alfred Kahn, Henry S. Saunders, Professor Emory Halloway, Alfred E. Goldsmith, M. M. Breslow and Miss Bertha Johnson. The books include a complete set of first editions, association volumes, other rare editions, both prose and verse, together with translations from the French, Japanese, German, Danish, Russian, Italian, and other languages. There will also be more than fifty volumes of biography and criticism relating to Whitman, newspapers of the 40's containing his editorial work, manuscripts, autograph letters, two historical note books, the hospital note books in which the poet jotted down memoranda concerning wounded soldiers of the Civil War, and other autographic material of a literary and personal nature. Drawings, etchings, and photographs of Whitman, together with a marble bust by Kitson and models by other artists, will be exhibited. In the last four or five years collectors have shown a constantly growing interest in Whitman first editions and everything pertaining to him. Material of all kinds that has drifted into the auction rooms of New York has brought good prices. There will be a very keen interest among exhibition goers to see this collection, and it will undoubtedly stimulate the collecting of Whitman materials of all kinds.

### NOTE AND COMMENT

A NEW work, Thomas Francis Carter's "The Invention of Printing in China and its Spread Westward," published by the Columbia University Press, is a fascinating work that should not be overlooked by booklovers interested in the history of the origin of printing.

* *

The Monroe Memorial Association announce the success of its plan to preserve the home of President Monroe at Prince and Lafayette Streets. The building is to be removed to 95 Crosby Street, restored and made into a museum to commemorate the life and services of President Monroe and his times. No effort will be spared to make it a historical museum of the first importance.

* *

Next month Charles Scribner's Sons will bring out a new definitive edition of the works of Robert Louis Stevenson, to be known as the "South Seas Edition." It will contain thirty-two volumes and any of these may be purchased separately. This edition will include some unfinished sketches and stories, a new play not otherwise accessible in a popular edition, and some poems, essays, and letters hitherto unpublished; also the prefaces written by Mrs. Stevenson and the special introductions prepared by Stevenson's stepson, Lloyd Osbourne.


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NEW BOOK BARGAINS: The first price given on the following items is the publishers, ours follows. Van Loon, Story of the Bible, $5.00-$2.50; Wells, Short History of the World, $4.00-$2.50; Stevenson, Famous Crimes and Criminals, $3.00-$1.50; Lawrence, Sea and Sardinia, $5.00-$3.50; Robert Frost, North of Boston, $2.00-$1.00; Lomer, Writing of Today, $2.00-65c; Lear, Nonsense Book, complete with original illustrations, $2.00-$1.00. Send in your order today, allowing 10 per cent for postage. Ask for our bargain catalog of new books at reduced prices. Woodworth's, 1311 East 57th Street, Chicago, Ill.

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ANCIENT AND MODERN BOOKS. Interesting catalogue of Books from 15th to 20th Century, mailed free on application. Howes Bookseller, St. Leonards-on-Sea, England.

AMERICAN TURF REGISTER and Sporting Magazine, volume 15, 1844, also the following numbers or the engravings,—Vol. IV, October 1832, Indians gathering wild-rice. April 1833, "Timolion."—Volume VII, June 1836, "Tramp"—Volume VIII. November 1836 "Felt"—Volume XIV. April 1843, "Grey Eagle," January 1843, "Fashion."

Memorials of the Discovery and Early Settlement of the Bermudas, by Sir J. H. Lefroy, 2 vols. London 1877-79.

Down the West Branch by Capt. C. A. J. Farrar.

Heroes and Heroines of the Grand National.

The Acadians in Song and Story, Ficklin.

In Acadia, Ficklin, New Orleans, 1893.

"The Rock Floor of Intermont Plains of the Arid Regions" by Charles Rollins Keyes, pub. in Bulletin of Geological Society of America, vol. 19, 1908.

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# The Phoenix Nest

WE ARE interested to see that the new editor of *The Century Magazine* is to be *Hewitt H. Howland*, for many years of the Bobbs-Merrill Company of Indianapolis. Mr. Howland is a native Hoosier. He takes charge of the *Century* on the first of October, *Glenn Frank* being now at Madison, Wisconsin, beginning his work as President of Wisconsin University. * * * *Babette Deutsch's* new volume of poems, which Appleton has just brought out, is entitled "Honey Out of the Rock." Miss Deutsch has established a place for herself as one of the most distinguished women poets of America. Her work is extremely incisive and sensitive. * * * The same firm announces that *Charles M. Flandrau's* "Viva Mexico!" is still selling, having achieved a fifteenth printing. This is a volume of many seasons ago, but a travel book that deserves its long run. * * * And this year sees the sixty-fifth edition of *Joel Chandler Harris's* "Uncle Remus," that inimitable negro classic. * * * *Stella Benson* is on her way round the world again, and, at present, in England. Her book of experiences on three continents, "The Little World," will be purchasable next Tuesday. Miss Benson herself has done some of the illustrations. * * * *Edgar Lee Masters* brings out a "Selected Poems" on the same day, a winnowing of all his many books. * * * *Ernest Poole's* new novel has the pleasing title of "The Hunter's Moon." * * * *Charles Scribner* is not only President of the famous publishing firm of Charles Scribner's Sons, but also of the Princeton University Press, though the Press has no connection whatever with the other firm. Sometimes, of course, the Princeton University Press is politely asked whether they print *Scribner's Magazine*—or just books for Scribner's. One man asks them this question, regularly, once a year. The next time—as careful explanation seems to have done no good so far—they intend to ask him to step out a minute into the back yard! * * * If you want a good book about the unregenerate early days of the Southwest "west of Pecos," get hold of *Owen P. White's* "Them was The Days: From El Paso to Prohibition," a volume of informal reminiscences illustrated by *Ross Santee*. * * * Which reminds us once more to state that *Robertus Love's*, "The Rise and Fall of Jesse James," of which we have seen several chapters, is now having wide syndication and will be eventually published by Putnam. It is the first thoroughly historical and documented account of the great American outlaw. "He was hunted, and he was human," Major Edwards sums up Jesse, in Chapter XXVII—about as succinct a summary as we have ever seen! * * * Mr. Love, by the way, has been made Literary Editor of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. * * * Mr. Love tells us that a late St. Louisan, many years ago, wrote, one after the other, a life of Jesse James and a life of Jesus! He built an apartment house on the proceeds of the latter, and it is understood that his publishers made about a hundred thousand dollars out of the work on Jesse. * * * Speaking of American Biography, we hear that *Joseph Wood Krutch* is writing a book on Poe that promises to be remarkably fine. * * * *Hervey Allen* is, of course, dealing with the same figure in American letters. * * * It will be interesting to compare the two books when they come out. * * * *Miss Agnes Thompson*, of Lawrence, Kansas, hopes our other statements are more accurate than that concerning Mr. Carruth's "Each in His Own Tongue," the poem on Evolution, a verse of which we recently reprinted. * * * It seems that the poem was published about 1890, and that the author was *William Herbert Carruth*, who was at that time head of the department of German in the University of Kansas. The poem did not cause his dismissal. He held his position until he was called to the chair of Comparative Literature at Leland Stanford, and taught there until his death last year. * * * "Neither," concludes Miss Thompson, "was the quotation *verbatim*." But that last we do not hold ourselves answerable for, as it was accurately quoted from a version sent to us. * * * The MacDowell Colony, at Peterborough, New Hampshire, which is just closing for this year, numbers (in the list of books by members of the MacDowell Colony, who have produced a great deal of remarkable work in the studios of that wonderful workshop for writers), volumes by *Edwin Arlington Robinson, Elinor Wylie, Hervey Allen, Du Bose Heyward, Rollo Walter Brown, Abbie Farwell Brown, Padraic Colum, Babette Deutsch, Parker Fillmore, Herbert Gorman, Alfred Kreymborg, Maxwell Bodenheim, Anna Hempstead Branch, Donald Ogden Stuart, Margaret Widdemer*, and many others. * * * Between October 15 and May 15, *Mrs. J. Warren Ritchey*, of the bookshop end of The Nubanusit Tea Barn, on the estate of The Edward MacDowell Association, is glad to select lists for Club Study, books for children, and books for special gifts, and to mail the books to any given address. All profits accrue to the MacDowell Association. * * * We see that *Charles G. Norris's* new novel, "Pig Iron," is now commencing serialization in *The Cosmopolitan*. It starts off very well. * * * And the new romantic comedy by *Laurence Stallings* and *Maxwell Anderson*, "The Buccaneer," has had its opening in Stamford under the wing of *Arthur Hopkins*. * * * *Jeannette Marks* has gathered together her studies of "Genius and Disaster," some of which appeared in *The Yale Review*, and the Adelphi Company of Boston has just published them. * * * A clever *I. S.*, whose name we can guess, has written a book, no more and no less, concerning the metamorphosis of two young married people into two people of quite the opposite sex. The tale is called "Dr. Transit" and is an attempt to establish a modern myth. * * * *Lewis Melville's* biography of "Beau Brummell" is for those who liked his "Nell Gwyn." It is illustrated by the same charming illustrator. * * * We like the title of *Hugh Walpole's* latest, "Portrait of a Man with Red Hair." * * * *Mary Roberts Rinehart's* "The Red Lamp" has sent its first hundred thousand into the trenches. It is a cracking good mystery yarn, and we are glad of its success. * * * And now we are going to stop—oh, yes, we are going to stop—we have chattered enough about readable stuff, and we *shall* not keep on till we drop!

THE PHOENICIAN.

## The Reader's Guide

(*Continued from Page 165*)

not compare with Everyman's. It has lately been taken over by Simpkin & Marshall, who I hear are planning to put back the volumes now out of print.

*E. F., Brooklyn, N. Y., says that he is trying to get a complete library of English classics in spite of being a poor student. Is there, he says, an edition like the "Reklam?" He does not mind small format and paper covers, and knows "Everyman's."*

THE irreducible minimum in expense for America seems to be the "Little Blue Books" published by the Haldeman-Julius Co., Girard, Kansas. They cover a vast field, in literature and in distribution. One of them just reached me in Paris, for L. E. S., Connecticut, hearing that a correspondent wanted an inexpensive "Poor Richard's Almanac," sent me the one that he edited for this series. H. A., Baltimore, says that there is another in the "Ariel Booklets" (Putnam).

*F. A. de H., Jersey City, asked for books to outfit a study group already speaking Spanish, for the reading of Spanish classics in the original, and for the study of old Spanish.*

REFERRING this to Professor Ford, of the department of Romance Language at Harvard, author of "Main Currents of Spanish Literature" (Holt), this list was the result, and the inquirer, who found it just what he wished, has sent it to me for the use of other such classes: "Revista de Filologia Espanola," (Madrid: general editorship of R. Menendez Pidal, A. Castro). "Manual de Gramatica Historica Espanola," R. M. Pidal (Madrid). "Pronunciacion Espanola," T. Navarro Tomas (Madrid). "Old Spanish Readings" (Boston). F. Hansson's "Gramatica Historica de la Langua Castellana" and Bello-Cuerva's "Gramatica Castellana."


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